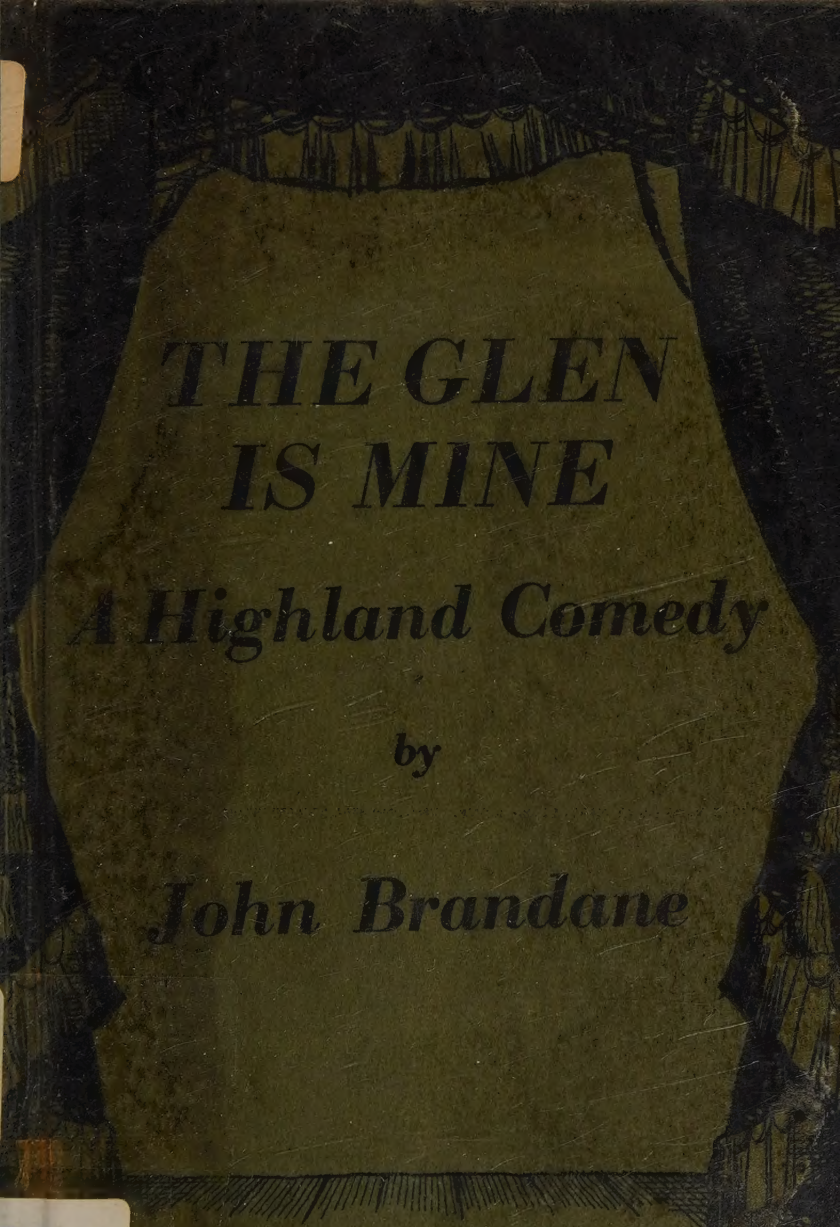

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THE GLEN IS MINE

By John Brandane

Plays

THE LIFTING
THE TREASURE SHIP
HEATHER GENTRY
THE INN OF ADVENTURE
RORY AFORESAID
MAN OF UZ

Novels

STRAW-FEET
THE CAPTAIN MORE
MY LADY OF AROS

THE GLEN IS MINE

A Highland Comedy

by

JOHN BRANDANE

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To
My Fellow-Workers
The Scottish
National Players

THE GLEN IS MINE *was first produced by the Scottish National Theatre Society, at the Athenaeum Theatre, Glasgow, on 25th January,* 1923, *under the direction of Andrew P. Wilson, with the following cast:*

MRS. GALLETLY	Nell Ballantyne
ANGUS MACKINNON	Archibald Buchanan
COLONEL MURRAY	W. McD. Honeyman
JOCK GALLETLY	W. Levack Ritchie
DR. MORRISON	David Russell
CAPTAIN CHARLIE	W. Graham Dow
STOCKMAN	Alexander MacGregor
MURDO MACKAY	Donald Robertson
MORAG MACKINNON	Meg B. Buchanan
DUGALD MACPHEDRAN	Andrew P. Wilson
MRS. MACALLISTER	Belina Miller
MRS. DUNCAN	Elliot C. Mason

PRONUNCIATION

CEILIDH	Kàylee
COILLEMORE	Cullyemòre
FEASGAIR MATH	Fayskair-mà
FEINNE	Fàynyae
LAOCHAIN	Làyochain
MO CHRIDHE	Mo-chree
OCHANOCH	Ochanoch
OCH OCHAN	Och-ochan
TOR-A-BHLAIR	Tor-a-Vlàr

ACT I

The Farm-Kitchen at Ardsheilach.
A Day in Early August, 1920.

ACT II

The Farm-Kitchen at Ardsheilach.
Six Weeks Later.

ACT III

The Living-Room of the Croft at Coillemore.
A Week Later.

PERSONS

JOCK GALLETLY	Farmer at Ardsheilach.
MRS. GALLETLY	His Wife.
ANGUS MACKINNON	Odd-man at Ardsheilach Farm and Crofter in Coillemore.
MORAG	His daughter.
MURDO MACKAY	Odd-man at Torlochan Hotel.
COLONEL MURRAY	Former Proprietor of Ardsheilach and Coillemore.
CAPTAIN CHARLIE	His son.
DR. MORRISON	Doctor in Eilean Aros.
STOCKMAN	Mining Expert from London.
DUGALD MACPHEDRAN	Village Merchant.
MRS. MACALLISTER MRS. DUNCAN	Crofter Women.

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ACT I

SCENE.—*The kitchen of the farm-house of Ardsheilach in* EILEAN AROS. *In back wall, midway, is a fire-place with peat-creel and peats. On mantelpiece is a set of cast-iron ornaments, "Burns at the Plough." Above mantelpiece, a coloured bust portrait of Gladstone. Flanking it, on wall, are two chromo-lithographs from the illustrated weeklies, tacked carelessly to plaster. At back also, to left of fire-place, is a dresser with household vessels. On top of it are two pathetic white china dogs of large size, and some brass candlesticks. To the left of fire is an arm-chair and a small wooden stool; to right of it an ordinary chair of kitchen type. The window, which has its lower panes of opaque glass, and draped by cheap lace curtains, is on right wall at back. Farther forward on same wall is the main door. A table is set towards right corner, with an enamelled basin containing potatoes ready for peeling. In left wall at rear is the back door leading to yard and stables. In same wall near front is another door leading to a little room.*

Sounds of bagpipe practice from the little room on left. MRS. GALLETLY—*a typical Ayrshire farmer's wife—enters from main door.* SHE *is a sturdy, steerin', sharp-tongued woman of fifty, with high colour and high cheek-bones, gat-toothed. Her dark hair, greyed a little, is parted plainly in the middle, and gathered behind in a flat roll, tightly plaited.* SHE *is trig and trim, and her dress includes a shortgown showing bare arms, a drugget skirt, and a blue apron.* SHE *goes to the door of little room, and at sound of her approach the piping ceases.* SHE *opens door.*

MRS. G. Ye're at the pipes again, in spite o' a' the doctor's orders.

VOICE. Och, it was only a little practice.

MRS. G. Come oot o' that, and let me get yer bed tidied.

[SHE *enters room and reappears, assisting* ANGUS MACKINNON, *a crofter.* HE *has a lame leg and walks on crutches with difficulty towards chair beside kitchen fire.* ANGUS *is dressed in the plain, well-worn clothes of the peasant. He is about sixty, and has a shrewd humorous countenance and a twinkling eye. His bearded face is sun-tanned.*]

MRS. G. Canny noo.

[SHE *assists* ANGUS *cautiously to the chair.* HE *subsides slowly on it, and stretches himself.*]

There ye are.

[SHE *returns to the little room and comes to its door banging pillows and bolster in turn, disappearing at times: she is evidently making a bed.* ANGUS *produces matches and pipe and lights up, puffing contentedly.* MRS. GALLETLY *reappears, sniffing.*]

Ye've been smoking in yer bed, again!

ANGUS. Just a puff or two.

MRS. G. Ye'll ha'e the place burnt doon. I declare I wish ye were hame oot o' this. And here—set ye up —are yer pipes!

[SHE *flings out a very ancient set of bagpipes, with faded tartan covering them.*]

Playing the pipes, and you wi' broken ribs on ye! Could ye no' ha'e left them in the bothy?

ANGUS (*reaching to the pipes and fondling them*). You'll be breaking them with your flinging them about!—Och, the ribs are not that bad.—Wait you! I'll be giving you the fine tune some of these days: "Castle Donnan" or "The Praise of Mary" or "The Glen is Mine" maybe.

MRS. G. Ye'll wait till ye're up at yer ain hoose then —fower miles awa'. Ye'll dae nae piping here. Fower miles is my distance for the pipes.

ANGUS. What can have come over the Doctor at all, at all, Mrs. Galletly?

MRS. G. Ay, he's late. But dinna you lippen ower muckle on the Doctor, ma man. Put you your faith in a Higher Power.—Keep aff the drink, and trust in Providence.

ANGUS. Providence? When the cart-wheel went over my leg, look you, Providence did nothing at all, at all!

MRS. G. Whit a thing to say!

ANGUS. A leg and three ribs broken, and you'll be talking of Providence!

MRS. G. It's the Loard's mercy ye hadna twa legs broken, ye heathen!

ANGUS. Heathen, is it?—Well, well! I'm not like some people, trying to be better than I was meant to be.

MRS. G. Is it me ye're hinting at?—I'll—Och! I wish ye were oot o' this, and up the glen at yer ain hoose.

[*Knock at main door.*]

Here's yer great Doctor at last, and muckle guid may he dae ye!

[SHE *opens main door, and* COLONEL MURRAY *enters. He is an elderly man of sixty-five, dressed in sporting suit of Harris tweed, knickers, leather shoulder-pads, etc. He wears a monocle. His air is military, and his address consequential, yet familiar.*]

Oh, it's the Laird!—and me thinking it was the Doctor, Colonel.

COLONEL (*shaking hands*). How are you, Mrs. Galletly?—And your husband?

MRS. G. Oh, we're a' fine, thank ye.—Jock's juist oot taking a look at the queys.

COLONEL. Good!—I only dropped in to ask for Angus. —Having a tramp, y'know.—Six miles out and six back —not bad for an old chap, eh? Well, Angus, getting on? (*Shaking hands.*) Leg any easier?

ANGUS. Thank you, sir, I'm juist wonderful.

MRS. G. Wonderfu', did ye say? Ay, wonderfu' that ye were spared ava! Drinking a' day at Torlochan,

and then coming back fou', wi' a heavy cart, ower they wild Hielan' roads. What else could ye expect but broken banes?

ANGUS (*sighing*). Och, I'm wishing I was home, out of this.

MRS. G. There's mair than you wishing that, ma man.

ANGUS. The croft will be going all wrong, look you, sir. I'm wishing I'd never left it at all, at all, to be doing this dirty farm-work!

COLONEL. Oh, your croft's all right, Angus. Morag is managing beautifully. I had a walk over the hill that way yesterday, and I saw she had the hay all in. Good thing, too, before this broken weather came.

ANGUS. She's the fine daughter to me, is Morag—She must have had the sore work getting that hay in.

MRS. G. And she'll ha'e the sair wark keeping you sober, aince she gets ye hame.

COLONEL. Oh, you're not used to Highland ways yet, Mrs. Galletly. The dram's a great institution here. But it's what I've always said—drink and politics—drink and politics—the ruin of the working man. Now, Angus here (*rallying him*) was quite a decent chap until he took up with the Hotel Bar and all this Radical stuff about the land for the people.

ANGUS (*meekly*). So the Colonel is always telling me.

COLONEL (*smiling*). Telling you for your good, you rascal!

[JOCK GALLETLY *enters from door at back, a black-avised, hirsute individual of about forty, not over-clean. His rough clothes are well-patched.*]

COLONEL (*shaking hands*). Ah, Galletly! Glad to see you looking so well and so industrious. I've just been telling your wife that you'll soon get used to our ways in the Highlands—the drams and all that—a bit queer at first, eh?

JOCK (*blankly*). Queer. Oh, ay, tastes a wee thing o' peat, ye ken—but a dram's ay a dram.

MRS. G. (*bitterly*). You and yer drams! It's the Hielands the Colonel's talking aboot.

COLONEL. Yes, yes. How do you like these parts, Galletly?

JOCK. Oh, no' bad—no' bad. A bit wat, ye ken—a bit wat for the arable.

COLONEL. But for dairy-work all right, eh? Ah, but I dare say you'll be home-sick for Ayrshire for a little while.

JOCK. Oh, ay—ay—A wadna wunner. Oh, ay, it's no' bad land doon Carrick way.

COLONEL. You know, Galletly, I've often puzzled my brains as to what it was attracted a South-country man like you up here. Whatever made you leave Carrick?

JOCK. Ma faither.

COLONEL. Your father?

JOCK. Ay. He ses to me ae day, "Time ye were mairrit, Jock." Ses A, "A wadna wunner." Ses he, "You get mairrit and A'll get ye a fairm."

COLONEL. Well?

JOCK. So A got mairrit. And this is his idea o' a fairm.

COLONEL. You're a trifle hard on him, I fancy.

JOCK. Oh, A wadna say that. But, ye see, he got stock and plenishing cheaper hereaboots than doon yonder. Oh, it's no' a bad fairm—in a kin' o' a wey it's no' bad.

MRS. G. No' bad? What about the barn, Jock?

COLONEL. Oh, yes—that barn. Needs quite a lot of repairs, I understand. Something omitted from the lease, wasn't there? But we'll see to that. Must start a new tenant fair. Can I have a look at it now? We'll repair, of course.

MRS. G. I'm glad to hear't. For your factor tell't me yesterday he wadna dae a hand's turn till't.

COLONEL. Oh, you mustn't mind him. That's the way of factors, Mrs. Galletly.

MRS. G. Just whit I said till him. But he said he had Captain Charlie's orders to haud aff a' repairs on the estate.

COLONEL. Charlie's orders?

MRS. G. Ay—your ain son's orders, Colonel.

COLONEL (*perturbed*). Oh—ah—yes—Charlie said that, did he? Well, let's have a look at the barn, Galletly. (*Looks out of window.*) Oh, we'll be able to—ah—arrange —ah—something, I dare say.

GALLETLY. This wey, Colonel—Through the yaird, ye ken.

[GALLETLY *and the* COLONEL *go out by back door, talking.*]

ANGUS (*smiling*). That's your death-duties for you.

MRS. G. Whit are ye havering aboot noo?

ANGUS. I'm saying—that's the death-duties.

MRS. G. Ach! You and yer poaliticks!

ANGUS. I'm telling you it's the death-duties. The Colonel's not the Laird here any more. It's Captain Charlie who is the Laird now.

MRS. G. And if the Colonel's no' the Laird noo, whit wey is he steying on at the big hoose?

ANGUS. He can surely be staying on with his own son. There are only the two of them left now, anyway. But the estate is not the Colonel's any more. And that is why they're both giving different orders about your barn. It's the death-duties. And that's one way of saving the money.

MRS. G. Saving money! Tell me aboot that, man.

ANGUS. It's this way. If a man has much land and money, and he dies, the Government comes up and says, "We are needing money very badly.—Be giving us some of that." And off the Government goes with their sporrans full of pound notes. And that's what they call the death-duties.

MRS. G. There's Government for ye! There's poaliticks! The big thiefs!

ANGUS. But if a man has a great deal of land and money, and he doesn't want the Government to get too much of it, he gives the land and the money to his son or his daughter or one of his friends, and he says, "Be you taking that now; and when I'm dying, I'll have no money for them to be lifting their dirty death-duties out of, and this greedy Government will never smell a penny of that, if I can help it."

MRS. G. And isn't that clever noo! Dod, I maun tell Jock aboot this! They Governments are the perfect villains!

ANGUS. And that's what the Colonel has been doing, look you.

MRS. G. Isn't he the wyce auld man!

ANGUS. But the Colonel has not got used to not being the Laird any more. And so he'll be giving one order, and Captain Charlie will be giving the other order. And that's your repairing of the barns, look you.

MRS. G. Well, you're the great scholar, Angus. But whaurever did ye hear a' this?

ANGUS. Och! everybody has heard about it. Wasn't the prize bull at the last Cattle Show put down in Captain Charlie's name? And haven't the butler and the servant-maids been talking? And Torlochan Post Office did the rest. You'll be knowing what a Post Office is for spreading the news, Mrs. Galletly? Och, yes, it's true enough!

MRS. G. Ay, true eneuch, nae doot, for I noticed he was gey camflustered like when the Captain's name was mentioned. Man, man! what a warld o' deception, Angus!

[*Knock at main door.*]

Here's your Doctor at last.

[DR. MORRISON *enters, a young, fair-complexioned, hearty man of thirty-five.* HE *brings forward his professional bag.*]

DR. M. Good day, Mrs. Galletly. How are you, Angus? Getting along? How's the leg? Ribs any better?

ANGUS. Oh, the ribs are fine now, and I'll soon be at the piping, look you! And the leg's not bad, at all, at all. I can be moving my toes now without the great pain.

DR. M. (*testing bandages and splints*). Good! Let's see, eight weeks since the accident. Other two, and you'll be able to put some weight on it.—Well, you're more comfortable here than in that awful bothy next the stable. Pneumonia sure for you, if I'd let Mrs. Galletly keep you there.

MRS. G. 'Deed, and he was juist fine yonder, Doctor. And a dale less bother than here.

DR. M. Broken ribs sticking into a man's lung, and you'd keep him in a stable, Mrs. Galletly!

MRS. G. (*lifting peat-basket from fireside and going to door with it*). Tach! he was fine in yonder. And ye ken, Doctor, oor Loard was born in a stable. (*Goes out hurriedly by back door on left.*)

DR. M. (*scratching his head*). Well, I'm dashed——

ANGUS (*chuckling*). There's no knot on yon one's tongue!

[DR. MORRISON *goes on with his examination of leg, and* COLONEL MURRAY *and* JOCK GALLETLY *enter by back door.*]

COLONEL. How do, Doctor! (*Shakes hands.*) Angus getting on? Breaking his heart to be back on his croft, though. Wishes he'd never started carting on the big farm.

DR. M. (*smiling*). Ay. No carts in the Glen, Angus, eh?

ANGUS. 'Deed no, Doctor. No more carts for me.

COLONEL. By the by, Doctor—hope you don't mind

my asking—but whatever are your friends doing out on the hill there?

DR. M. My friends!

[MRS. GALLETLY *returns with peat-basket filled, and sets to renewing the fire. Later she peels potatoes, stopping at times to listen to the conversation.*]

COLONEL. Yes, those two fellows you brought down in your trap. I saw them get off at the main road, when I was at the barn with Galletly. (*Looks out of window.*) They're all over the hill now. Must be fond of climbing surely! And aren't they just scaring the young grouse no end! Too bad, y'know, and it so near the Twelfth.

DR. M. But dear me, Colonel——

COLONEL (*still at window, and now furious*). Hang it, sir! What the devil are they after? There go the birds, getting up around them everywhere! There! Look at that! The shooting spoiled on that side of the hill for a week to come! Please call them in, Morrison! If they're waiting for you, can't they do so indoors, instead of messing my game about?

DR. M. But it's your own son, Colonel, and a friend from London; and it's their trap, not mine—a hire from the hotel at Torlochan. Knowing I was coming down, they kindly gave me a lift.

COLONEL. Charlie! Whatever is he doing here? I thought he was in London.

DR. M. He's just straight up from London, sir. And he's brought one of those hæmatite fellows with him to prospect the ground.

COLONEL. Hæmatite?

DR. M. Yes. This iron-ore business. They say Ben Creach's chock-full of it.

COLONEL. Minerals! I never heard a word of this. Good heavens! They're not talking of mining here, are they?

DR. M. Sorry if I've put my foot in it, sir. I thought you knew all about it.

COLONEL. I? Never heard a syllable!

DR. M. They were talking quite freely as we drove down, and I couldn't help chipping in. It seems there's unlimited mineral wealth in the Highlands.

COLONEL. But it's desecration, Doctor! Mining in Eilean Aros!

JOCK. Ay, it'll be a puir look-out for the black-faced sheep trade then. (*Looking out of window.*) The Captain's turning back down the hill again.

COLONEL. I must see Charlie about this. Mining!—Good heavens!

[HE *goes out by main door hurriedly.*]

JOCK. There'll be a rare collieshangie atween them. A maun see this!

[*Goes out after the* COLONEL.]

ANGUS (*chuckling*). There's your death-duties again for you! The Colonel will not like them to be spoiling the forest.

MRS. G. The forest?

ANGUS. The deer-forest. He's the great one for the deer and the grouse. But, see you, the young one's for making money from the bowels of the earth. *Ochanoch!* [1] Didn't I tell you the death-duties was the queer thing?

DR. M. Oh, I see. I've heard of that. The Colonel transferred the estate to Charlie so as to get rid of the death-duties, didn't he? And now his troubles are beginning, poor man!

ANGUS. Yes, yes. Nothing now for the poor Colonel but trouble and trouble!

DR. M. They say it's as good hæmatite as the Swedish stuff. And, of course, they'll capture the market, for they'll save the freightage across the North Sea. Well, I suppose the Captain will want all the cash he can get, for he's been making the money spin in London, I hear.

[1] Oh, dear!

ANGUS. And isn't he the foolish one, now?

MRS. G. Time he was mairrit—and settled down, I'm thinking! Was there no' some talk o' him and yin o' thae Mirlees women?

DR. M. Oh! The people who had the shooting here last season?

ANGUS. Just that! Miss Alice—a fine lass. And too good for the Captain, as I'm seeing it. Tach! Him and his hæmatite!

MRS. G. Whit was that ye ca'd it?—Haud-me-tight?

DR. M. No, no. Hæmatite—a fine kind of iron.

MRS. G. Iron? I see nae sense in a name like that for iron. If they're thinking o' advertising it, haud-me-tight would be faur better.

ANGUS. Ach, let them alone with their hæmatite and their foolishness. I well believe no one in Eilean Aros will be any the happier for all their mines! But the Doctor came to see my leg, and not their nonsense. Would the Doctor like to see me on my stilts?

DR. M. Yes, to be sure. I'd quite forgotten about them.

ANGUS (*rising slowly to his crutches, walks a few steps*). Look at that! I'm thinking I could be getting home quite soon now.

DR. M. You'll never walk four miles up the Glen on crutches, Angus. If there was a decent cart-track, we could get you up in a wagonette, but there isn't.

ANGUS. But Morag will be killed with all the work on the croft, and the hay——

MRS. G. The hay's a' in, Doctor. Ne'er heed him.—And noo, if ye're feenished wi' his bad leg, maybe ye'll tell me whit to dae wi' mine.

[ANGUS *goes back to couch.*]

DR. M. Sorry to hear you have a bad leg, Mrs. Galletly.

MRS. G. No' a bit o' ye! It's anither fee in your pooch. I needna bother showing it to ye, for ye'll ken a'

aboot it. It's verra coorse veins. Is rubbing ony guid?

DR. M. Very coarse veins? Oh, yes, I see. Rubbing? Well, no. An elastic bandage is the thing.

MRS. G. But is rubbing ony guid? Tamson the tea-traveller, tell't me to rub them doon the wey.

[*She demonstrates.*]

DR. M. Oh, never, Mrs. Galletly! No, no. If you must rub, rub gently upwards. Aids the circulation, you know.

MRS. G. The like o' that! And me rubbing a' wrang! Wait till I get Tamson!

DR. M. I'll post you an elastic bandage.

MRS. G. A' richt.—But here's anither thing I maun ask ye. (*Goes to window.*) Whaur's Jock, I wunner? (*Comes back from window.*) It's this. Whit's guid for indigestion in the throat?

DR. M. Never heard of it there.

MRS. G. Well, that's whaur oor Jock has it, onywey.

DR. M. Nonsense!

MRS. G. Indigestion! Whaur should he ha'e't then?

DR. M. Here.

[*Places his hand over his stomach.*]

MRS. G. Ay, man, ay. He has pain there sometimes. A wee thing to the left, maybe. Ay, juist here. What ha'e we hereaboots, Doctor?

[*Holds her hand on left side.*]

DR. M. (*mischievously solemn*). Cardiac end of the stomach, tail of pancreas, spleen, splenic flexure of colon, left kidney, left suprarenal capsule, and left suprarenal sympathetic plexus.

MRS. G. Guid be aboot us!—A' that!

ANGUS. Just fancy you!

DR. M. Yes.—You know, Mrs. Galletly, we're fearfully and wonderfully made.

MRS. G. (*excitedly*). That's it, Doctor—that's it.—By a Higher Power—a Higher Power! Whit I'm aye telling Angus.

[*Noise of voices outside.* SHE *goes to window.*]

Whatever's this noo! Keep me! Here's the hale jing-bang o' them back. And the Colonel that puffed oot wi' anger, juist like a bubbly-jock.

[*The main door opens and the* COLONEL *enters with his son,* CHARLES, *a young man of thirty-two, slightly stooping, and lackadaisical in manner, his speech drawling.* STOCKMAN, *the mining expert accompanies them—a dark-complexioned, alert man of forty. He keeps in the background, and is diplomatically silent.*]

CAPTAIN. Finished, Doctor? (DOCTOR *nods.*) Well, then, we're for the road again, I suppose. Hullo, Angus! Leg mending?

ANGUS. Thank you, sir, yes. I'm hoping the Captain is well.

CAPTAIN. Oh, I'm all right, thanks. Well, Doctor—ready?

COLONEL. But, Charlie, you're not going back to Torlochan, surely? Why not walk home with me—you and Mr. Stockman? I want an evening with you—a little talk, you know.

CAPTAIN. Sorry, dad, but I have to be in Edinburgh by to-morrow to see about things. I'll have to stay at Torlochan to-night, so as to get the early mail-boat.

COLONEL. Well—but I must have a word with you here, then. Mrs. Galletly, may we go into your parlour for a moment? Sorry to trouble you.

MRS. G. The paurlor? Och, it's a' reel-rall. We've been cleaning it. And there's nae fire there. But juist you bide here, and I'll tak' the Doctor and this gentleman roon to the new patent kirn and shew them hoo it works. And Angus can gang intil his ain wee room there.

COLONEL. Oh! Sorry. Afraid we're a bother, you know, but——

[ALL *go out except* COLONEL *and* CHARLIE.]

Well, Charlie. Not very nice for me to hear the first of this from a stranger, eh?

CAPTAIN. A little rough on you, I admit, dad. I intended writing you as soon as I got things settled somewhat to-morrow in Edinburgh.

COLONEL. Iron-mines here?

CAPTAIN. Yes. I knew you'd not see eye to eye with me, but I had to close with Redfern's offer, or he'd have got some other show in the Highlands for his money. There's hæmatite in plenty all up the West Coast here.

COLONEL. But couldn't you have let me have word of this before you went so far?

CAPTAIN. I was rushed. There was really no time, dad. And, besides, I knew you wouldn't take a business view of the matter.—I mean one that would have left out sentiment. But it just comes to this. There's money in that old hill; so why shouldn't we have it?

COLONEL. And you're Highland, and can say that! Ben Creach! The deer-forest! Rubbish-heaps and mineral-waggons all over it! The river with oily scum in it! Labourers slouching about! You should have consulted me first of all, Charlie!

CAPTAIN. I tell you it was a big chance—hit or miss. The London people were keen. Redfern offered a good price. I had to snap at it or let it go. Besides, the thing will be but a flea-bite in a big countryside like this.

COLONEL. More like a plague that will spread!

CAPTAIN. I think that's a bit savage, dad. Look here! you're Tariff Reform, aren't you? Protection of home industries, and all that? Well, here we are! Sweden has the monopoly at present of this ore. We've got stuff in Ben Creach and elsewhere in the Highlands, quite as good as theirs. And we'll bust their market in this

country quite easily. Redfern offers good money, and I need it.

COLONEL. Need?

CAPTAIN. Need's the word, dad. Sorry, but you may as well have the truth now as later. I've been let down by some rotten speculations—South African stuff. And five figures is what it runs to.

COLONEL. Good heavens, Charlie!

CAPTAIN. Yes; it's bitter to hear of your money going in such a foolish fashion, I know. But there's wisdom enough in this hæmatite deal to make up for all that.

COLONEL. You might have asked my advice about retrieving before—this——

CAPTAIN. There was my trouble. I did think of you. But a time-limit was set—and there was no chance of getting into touch with you soon enough. We've got to catch the early market. It was all slap-dash, y'know.

COLONEL. But—oh, it's no use talking! But the Highlands, Charlie! Is this to be the beginning of the end of them? Are the old hunting, pastoral days to go—the wild, free, open life?

CAPTAIN. Sentiment, dad! Really now, it's nothing else.

COLONEL. Sentiment's a great power, lad, and not to be sneered at, as we Army folk should know well.

CAPTAIN. You talk of the old life going. I don't know. But I tell you what *will* go, dad, if we start a decent industry here—the huckstering of letting deer-forests and grouse-moors to a lot of scabby profiteers. Ay, and the lairds' genteel poverty will go! And these lazy crofters will go! That's what it amounts to.

COLONEL. The lairds? Well, we're maybe not all we should be. But think, man, think! Blast-furnaces, smoke, coal-dust, in Eilean Aros? Think of the men you'll breed under those conditions!

CAPTAIN. But who's talking of coal? Why, we've water-power in the glen sufficient to drive a dozen Ben

Creachs into the sea. We're going to dam at the head of the glen—at Coillemore.

COLONEL. At the larachs?—You'll never do that. There's still a holding there: Angus MacKinnon's croft—the broken-leg fellow in the room here.

CAPTAIN. Oh, every man has his price, father. We'll buy him out all right.

COLONEL. Sentiment is a greater power than money with the Highlander, I tell you! And Angus will stick to his croft because of it.

CAPTAIN. He'll give us no bother, I'm certain. Plenty of drams is all he wants. Whisky will beat sentiment any day with these chaps.—But I'll have him in and shew you how we can work this.

COLONEL. No need. We're wandering from the main point. Can nothing be done to stop this mad scheme before it goes further? I'm opposed to it, root and branch.

CAPTAIN. You'll see things differently once the dividends begin to roll in. No, we can't stop now. I'm committed by all kinds of legal flummery already. But just to shew you about Angus—let's ask him in.

COLONEL. Oh, don't bother!—I'm sick of all this sorry business.

CAPTAIN. But just to shew you—(*going to door of little room, opens it*). Can you spare me a moment, Angus?

[ANGUS *hobbles in on crutches and seats himself on couch.*]

Oh, about that croft of yours, Angus. You're getting up in years now. Won't want to stay on there all your life, eh?

ANGUS (*cautiously*). Oh, there's nothing wrong with the croft, sir, even for an old man.

CAPTAIN. Well, but that bad leg of yours will trouble you for some time, I fancy, eh? Now what price?—I mean—how much would you take to move out, supposing

we wanted the croft for—ah—purposes of our own, y'know?

ANGUS. That will be for the mines that the Doctor was speaking about.

CAPTAIN (*softly*). Damn! (*Then aloud.*) Oh! I see you know all about it.—Well, supposing now——

ANGUS. I could be conseedering, sir.

CAPTAIN. Yes—but supposing——

ANGUS. Och!—I would have to be conseedering.

CAPTAIN. Well now, two hundred, Angus.

ANGUS. It's a good croft, look you, and——

CAPTAIN. Three hundred, then.

ANGUS. The Captain is very kind. But I'll have to be going back first of all and seeing to the hay and things——

CAPTAIN (*bluffing*). Well, y'know, if the Government want to make a water-power dam there, they'll take it at their own valuation, and that will be a good deal less, I'm afraid, than what I'm offering.

ANGUS. The Government will have more sense, I well believe.

CAPTAIN. More sense than to take an interest in a a—a scheme that will benefit the whole countryside?

ANGUS (*slyly*). Och, no—I have more manners than to be saying anyone will have more sense than the Captain when it comes to doing good. No—no—! But the Government will have burnt its fingers too often on the Crofters' Act, for them to try forcing a poor crofter out of his holding hereabouts, look you.

COLONEL (*chuckling*). Didn't I tell you, Charlie?

CAPTAIN (*chagrined, but pretending to take the matter humorously*). Well, you are an old pirate, Angus, I must say!

ANGUS. But I will be conseedering——

CAPTAIN. Well, we'll leave it at that. Time I was away, though, father. You walking home? (COLONEL

nods.) Come and see me off, then. And be sure there's no need for worrying dad. Think it over.

[*Goes to main door.*]

COLONEL (*following him*). Well, I'm afraid I can have only one opinion, Charlie. The whole thing's a mistake, and——

[THEY *pass out talking.* ANGUS *starts humming a Gaelic air.* DR. MORRISON *enters by back door to collect his impedimenta.* MRS. GALLETLY *comes in with him.*]

DR. M. Well, good-bye, Angus. Now, rest, man—rest! And take the splints off every second day and rub the leg well. What's that air you're humming? Seems familiar.

ANGUS. It's well seen you're not Highland, not to know that tune. It's old, and it's Gaelic, and it's called "The Glen is Mine." (HE *hums a stave of it.*) But never mind that. Is there no way at all, at all, Doctor, I could be going home to the croft, think you?

DR. M. Not unless they take you up on a shutter. There's no trap or cart could go up those awful glen roads without shaking you to bits.

ANGUS. A shutter?

MRS. G. (*eagerly*). Ay, a shutter. Wi' a blanket or twa, ye'd be quite joco.—Whit's to hinder Jock and the ploughman and the twa herds taking ye up, if we get a dry day? The day after the morn wadna be too sune, Doctor, wad it?

DR. M. But that's a Sunday!

MRS. G. A Sawbath, ye mean.

DR. M. Well, a Sabbath. Work on a Sabbath, Mrs. Galletly?

MRS. G. Well, Doctor, ye ken oor Loard wrocht on a Sawbath.

DR. M. (*slyly*). Ay, and you'd lose no farm-work from your men on a Sabbath, eh?

MRS. G. Ach! gae wa' wi'ye!

[SHE *goes out by back door.*]

ANGUS. On a shutter be it, then.—I'm for the croft—Sabbath or no Sabbath!

[MURDO, *the driver of the Torlochan hotel-trap, appears at the main door. He is a young, dark-complexioned man, with a thoughtful face and brooding eyes.*]

MURDO. The Captain says he wants to go up the hill again with Mr. Stockman, and could the Doctor wait half an hour more?

DR. M. Oh, bother!

MURDO. I think the Colonel being here cut their inspection short. And now that he's off, tramping home, they'll be wanting to finish going over the ground.

DR. M. Very awkward for me!

MURDO. And I was to say that if the Doctor cared to go over the ground with them they'd be pleased.

DR. M. They'll want me to take shares, of course! (*Goes out grumbling.*)

ANGUS. Come you in and warm yourself, Murdo. You'll be cold and wet with the drive down.

MURDO. I am that. (HE *sits down by fire.*) Is Morag come yet?

ANGUS. Not yet, lad.—(*Rallying him.*) But isn't it the strange thing now, that you and Morag always turn up here on the same day?

MURDO (*uncomfortable*). Oh, she'll know the days the Doctor comes, and she'll be wanting to see the Doctor and hear what he says about you.

ANGUS. I'm thinking, maybe, she'll be wanting to see the Doctor's driver, and hear what he says about herself.

MURDO (*roused*). And what though?

ANGUS. Now, now, lad! It's you are the fiery one. I was but joking. She's a good lass; and you are a decent lad.—And I'll say no more. (HE *lights his pipe and puffs a bit; then changes the subject cheerily.*) Great

ploys nowadays on Ben Creach, Murdo! You would hear the talk on the way down, and you driving them?

MURDO. I did that.

ANGUS. They're saying there's great money to be got out of Ben Creach.

MURDO (*bitterly*). Och, mòney! money! And is that all your thoughts are on? Is that all that's in it?

ANGUS. You'll be thinking, maybe, that they're after spoiling Eilean Aros with their mines and their water-works? It's what I'm for thinking myself.

MURDO (*fierily*). No, no. They're bringing life to our very doors, man! What foolishness will you be talking?

ANGUS (*annoyed*). Foolishness, is it?

MURDO. Just that. Isn't it myself has been hungering for the South and the great things there this many a day? Science! Discovery! And here they come to our very doors, I tell you.

ANGUS. Ay, you were always the ambitious one, lad.

MURDO. And I am still! I ken I'm fit for something better than an odd-man's job at Torlochan Hotel. Driving—fencing—sheep-shearing—peat-lifting. Tach! the life of a slave!

ANGUS. You're the great one for the pretty learning, Murdo. But there will surely be no harm in making a little money as well?

MURDO. You're right! Money brings power—power to give us knowledge. Oh, Angus, they'll be reading the rocks up there like a book! Geology! Chemistry! It's like a romance of the Feinne,[1] man!

ANGUS. Well, well, it's the strange world! If anyone had told me this morning that they could be lifting pound notes out of Ben Creach—

[*Main door opens and* MORAG MACKINNON *enters. She is a girl with dark hair, clear skin, and laughing eyes. Her dress is of crofter type.*]

[1] Fingalians.

And isn't it Morag herself! We were just talking about you, lass!

[MORAG *kisses* ANGUS, *and shakes hands with* MURDO, *glancing shyly at the latter.* HE *also is embarrassed, and it is clear from their manner that they are lovers.*]

MORAG. And how are you, father? Fine? (ANGUS *nods.*) And is it all the ends of the world are at Ardsheilach this day? Here's Murdo. And I met the Doctor, and Captain Charlie, and a stranger with them, and they going up the mouth of the glen just now.

ANGUS. Ay, and there will be a hundred here before long for every one you've seen this day, let me tell you.

MORAG. Whatever kind of talk is that, you droll man? And how is the leg? And when are you to be coming home?

[MURDO *rises and walks restlessly about.*]

ANGUS. The Doctor says in a day or two.

MORAG. And isn't that the good news now, for I'm the lonely one yonder. But whatever has come over Murdo?

ANGUS (*smiling*). Och, he's thinking of the time when he'll be manager at the new iron-mines.

MORAG. Whatever are you at, at all, at all?

MURDO. There's sense enough in all his talk. There are to be iron-mines on Ben Creach, and it's me that's glad of the chance there'll be to better myself.

MORAG. Oh, is that what the Captain is after up the glen?

ANGUS. Indeed and it is just.—Chemistry and Science, as Murdo was saying.

MORAG (*angrily*). And you'll be of the same mind, I'm seeing. Are you both crazed? (*Goes to the window, then glances with contempt at both men, and turns to window again.*) There they go! And if there was a decent gun handy, I'd be making blackcocks of every one of them!

MURDO. Whatever are you saying, lass?

MORAG. They're for blasting the hillside, are they? Selling their souls for the dirty pieces of silver!

MURDO. Morag MacKinnon, is it out of your mind you are?

MORAG. Indeed, yes. (*Covering her face with her hands, she weeps.*) And who is it has driven me to it, think you?

[MURDO *strives to soothe her, his arms around her.*]

MURDO. Wheesht now, wheesht!—What call have you to be bitter with me, lass, when I think of doing well for your own sake?

MORAG (*freeing herself from his embrace*). Well? Is it well to be tearing Eilean Aros to bits?

MURDO. Och, it's the old quarrel, I suppose. You were ever the keen one for the old ways of the Highlands. It's always to be the deer-forest and the sheep-fank here, I suppose! The drovers' track for roads! The wool-comb and the spinning-wheel for ever! The hard life for poor folk!

MORAG. It's the clean life and the healthy—not the scum and the dirt of the cities.

ANGUS. Listen to that now.

MURDO. God! What would I not give for a year's schooling in those same cities, lass! Learning, Morag! Civilisation! That's the town, not the country!

MORAG. My pain and my longing—to hear you talk that way!

MURDO (*bitterly*). Ay—it's just that way I'm talking. The good old Highland ways!—Three o'clock of a cold morning and up the hill to the lambing. Bringing the mails over Kellan cliffs when the snow's drifted yard-deep. Driving the Doctor to Moy, thirty mile and back, when the north wind's skelping down the Sound. That's the good old ways for Murdo MacKay!

ANGUS. And that's a true word, lad.

MORAG. Yes, and it'll never be cold or wet at the mines? And the hours will not be long there? And the wild Irish and the foolish English will not be fighting and drinking when they're navvying on the hill?

MURDO. You'll craze me, lass, with your wild tongue!

MORAG (*fiercely*). My tongue will never craze Murdo MacKay, for it's crazed he is already with his chemistry and his civilisation and the rest of it.

[SHE *weeps afresh and sits down by the fire, her back to him.*]

ANGUS. Och, but you're bitter, Morag. And indeed and indeed, Murdo, there's truth in what the both of you are saying. And myself, I'm conseedering, and I'm seeing the Ben Creach will be strange when the heather and the mountain hare are off it forever. Look you, now. I'm not liking their mines at all, at all—or their water-power—or their water-dams either, now that I'm seeing Morag's way of it.

MURDO (*bitterly*). You've soon changed your tune! Weren't you talking of the money that was in it, a minute ago?

ANGUS (*angrily*). And who are you to be talking of changing tunes, my hero? You're not manager at the mines yet, Murdo MacKay, so you'll please not be talking to me that way!

MURDO. It's sorry I am, Angus. I should have minded my teeth were before my tongue. Ay, it's maybe only a kind of a dream, whatever!

ANGUS (*only half-mollified*). Sorry! And well you might be! Talking to me of changing tunes! You and your mines!

[*Main door opens, after a knock, and* CAPTAIN CHARLIE *enters.*]

CAPTAIN. Ready now, Murdo. Will you please harness up?

[MURDO *goes out after glancing sadly at* MORAG *sitting by fire with face averted.*]

Still on the mines, I hear, Angus. Been " conseedering " that offer about the water-power, eh ?

ANGUS (*increasingly angry, and rising on his crutches*). Conseedering, is it ? Oh, yes!—Conseedering ? The Captain will be having his little joke! But the Captain is forgetting the Crofters' Act. Give up my croft to you ? Not for all the minerals that ever was! A water-dam at Coillemore, is it ? Not for all the—the—not for all the mineral waters in the world!

[*Shakes his pipe triumphantly and stumps towards door of little room.*]

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*The farm-kitchen at Ardsheilach. Six weeks later.* MACPHEDRAN, *the village merchant, is sitting at the kitchen table, with papers, pen and ink before him. He is a grey-headed man of sixty with short white beard, pale skin, and ferret eyes. His movements are furtive and yet businesslike. He is dressed with white front and cuffs and black tie; his square-topped felt hat lies on the table. His suit of dark cloth is old-fashioned in cut.* MRS. MACALLISTER, *a crofter woman, stands beside him with pass-book in hand. She puts down some money on the table; and* MACPHEDRAN *takes pass-book and marking it, signs, then returns it, and washes his hands in the air, effusively, as he speaks. This washing of hands is almost a continuous gesture with him.*

MACPHEDRAN. The money, Mrs. MacAllister.—Fifteen shillings.—Well, well! and your cold is better?—Well, well! Take care of yourself, now!—Good people are scarce, you know—good people are scarce—Well, well!—I'll be seeing you through the field. (HE *rises.*)

MRS. MACA. Och, you need not bother, Mr. MacPhedran! A big man like you seeing me to the gate! No, no!

MACPH. Oh, but yes, yes. It's not every day we're seeing people like Mrs. MacAllister. This way, missus, this way.—And do you tell me now that you——

[THEY *pass, talking, to main door, as* MRS. GALLETLY *enters brusquely by back door with* ANGUS, *now minus his crutches, but limping a trifle.* MACPHEDRAN *halts for a moment and says ingratiatingly.*]

Oh! Good day to you, Mrs. Galletly.

MRS. G. (*curtly*). Guid day!

[MACPHEDRAN *affects to be hurt by her coldness and goes out with* MRS. MACALLISTER.]

I declare to Guid, if the place isna like an inns this day. —Whit's MacPhedran wanting here?—Whit for did Jock gie him ma table for his trash?

[SHE *removes the paper, pens and ink to dresser, sets table aside, and then puts a white cloth on it, from dresser.*]

The cheek o' him!—First the Captain and Mr. Stockman—and could I gie them a gless o' milk aboot three?—And then MacPhedran. And then yersel'. It's like a feeing-day at Fenwick, I tell ye!

ANGUS. Look you, it's this way——

MRS. G. And your powny in the stable, eating ma oats, quite the thing!—And you sleeping in the hay-shed, quite joco!—Whatever is the warl' coming to?

ANGUS. Look you, it's this way.—The Colonel's deer-fence above my croft is broken down, and the deer are coming through and eating my potatoes.

MRS. G. Whit's that to dae wi' your powny eating my oats?

ANGUS. Well, look you. I had to put a stop on the deer.—First, I tried a storm-lantern among the potatoes all night——

MRS. G. And whit's that to dae wi' ma oats?

ANGUS. But after the first night, look you, the storm-lantern did nothing at all, at all, to stop them. They got used to it. Oh, he is a very wyce beast, is the deer. And then there was nothing for it but the gun.—And it's a fine stag of ten that same wee pony brought down the Glen to yourself this morning, at three o'clock of the dark, so that the keepers would not be seeing us.

MRS. G. Guid sake! Ye havena brocht it here, wi' a' they folk aboot!

ANGUS (*slyly*). Maybe you had no liking for the last venison I gave you?

MRS. G. (*mollified*). Well, I'm shair, ye're rale kind, Angus. But it's dangerous, ye ken.

ANGUS. It's a nice stag of ten, look you ; and just a present from Angus, for all your kindness to him when his leg was broken.

MRS. G. Weel, I'm muckle obliged, Angus. But whaur did ye pit it ?

ANGUS. In the little room. (HE *points.*) It's safer there, look you, with all these big people coming to-day.

MRS. G. (*opening bedroom door and peering in*). Guid sake! Whit a mess!—A' the same, it's rale kind o' ye, Angus.

ANGUS. And you were wondering to see Mr. MacPhedran here, were you ?

MRS. G. I was wondering to see the cheek o' him—making an office o' ma kitchen.

ANGUS. Och, it's always here he comes to lift his accounts with the croſters round ábout.—He used to do that same with the people who were here before you—the MacArthurs. It's an old custom with him.

MRS. G. Custom here, custom there! It's a custom that'll ha'e to be changed!

ANGUS (*gravely*). Look you, do not you be quarrelling with Dugald MacPhedran, for he's the cunning one, is Dugald.—And he'll be having you in his debt before long, if he can manage it at all, at all——

MRS. G. Us in his debt!—We could buy him up ony day, thank the Loard!

ANGUS. Maybe, maybe.—But he has nearly every crofter in the parish in his debt, has MacPhedran.—He can do what he likes with them, look you.

MRS. G. D'ye tell me ?

ANGUS. Ay.—You see, it's the votes he'll be wanting—for himself and his friends on the Parish Council and the School Board.—Ay, and the County Council.—He has a finger in every pie.

MRS. G. And him an elder!—Whit a warld o' sin and deception, Angus!

ANGUS. Keep you away from yon one!—Look you, he's for bankrupting me, because I'm owing him money, and cannot pay him. He has had me papered twice already by the Sheriff Officer.

[*Takes out yellow papers from his pocket.*]

MRS. G. As bad as that, ye puir man!

ANGUS. Ay, as bad as that. (*With passion.*) And, look you, I know who's at the bottom of that same.—It's Captain Charlie, no less.—Oh, I've been hearing of him being often in MacPhedran's shop of late.—Oh, I've been hearing things!

MRS. G. D'ye tell me?

ANGUS. Ay, they'll be making the crofter bankrupt, and then they'll can evict him.—That's the law, see you. The Crofters' Act allows them. And then their fine mines and their fine water-dams can be going on.

MRS. G. Ye puir cratur! And ye're dune then?

ANGUS. Oh, I'm not so sure—I'm not so sure.—(*Then eagerly.*) Look you, if I was coming back to the farm-work here, maybe I could be making some money, so as to pay MacPhedran.

MRS. G. (*on her guard*). Mair likely you'd be paying something to the whisky-shops in Torlochan.

ANGUS (*eagerly*). No—for I will not be drinking any more.—At least not till this trouble is over, look you.—I'll be signing the blue ribbon every day!

MRS. G. Ay, oh, ay—every 'oor, nae doot.

ANGUS (*despondent*). *Och, ochan.*[1] (*Eagerly.*) Look you, I could be doing a little at the farm here up to Martinmas, till my leg was strong. And if you could be paying me fore-handed to-day for the first month, I would let MacPhedran have every penny you gave me this very day.

[1] Oh, dear!

MRS. G. Na, na.—I'm no' daft. (*Excitedly.*) But, ay, I will noo—I will—yes, I will! That is, if ye'll tell me something——?

ANGUS (*surprised*). And what now?

MRS. G. Whit was the guid advice your faither gi'ed ye on his death-bed? Ye're aye havering aboot it, when ye're in your drams.

ANGUS. That! Och, it was just nothing at all!

MRS. G. Ay, it was noo!—Well, ye'll no' get a penny oot o' me unless ye tell.—I've aye a hankering efter a daith-word.—Whit wis't?

ANGUS. Ach, it was just foolishness.—But I'll tell you if you'll take no denial.—And you'll not be angry?

MRS. G. Me angry!—No' wan bit!

[SHE *goes to dresser and, opening a drawer, takes out wallet, and counts out money.*]

Come on, noo!

ANGUS. Well, he put his hand on my head, and he said, "Be you a good lad, Angus, and keep away from all bad people. And always you be putting salt in the well, and then you'll not need to be putting salt in the porridge."

MRS. G. (*disgusted*). Ach! I might hae ken't it.—There! (SHE *pushes money over.*) And see ye work better for't than ye did last time!—Ach! The like o' that!—The auld heathen!

[SHE *returns bag to cupboard, locks it, and bustles angrily about her housework.* MACPHEDRAN *and* JOCK *enter by main door.* MACPHEDRAN *carries a heavy, elongated brown-paper parcel.*]

JOCK. Come yer ways in, MacPhedran, and hae a dram.

MACPH. Thenkee, thenkee!—A nice day, Mrs. Galletly!

[*But* MRS. G. *turns her back on him, and goes on with her housework.*]

MACPH. Very kind of you, I'm sure, Mr. Galletly,

to be giving me these fine pigs' heads. Where will I be laying them? (*As* GALLETLY *pours out whisky.*) Oh, just a taste now.—No, no! Stop! (*As* HE *lays parcel down on dresser.*) I'm very fond of a wee bit of tender pork now and then. (*Turns to* ANGUS.) Well, Angus, and there you are!

ANGUS (*producing pass-book*). A fine day, Mr. MacPhedran.

MACPH. Not bad, Angus, not bad.—And your leg is better? Take care of yourself, man. Good people are scarce, you know. Good people are scarce!—Man, but I'm sorry I had to put the Sheriff's Officer on your trail.—But business is business, you see.—The law, man, the law.—Ay, ay, the law.

[*Drinks again.*]

ANGUS (*producing money and handing pass-book to him*). Will you please to be taking two pounds ten off the account?

MACPH. (*surprised*). Surely—surely!

[HE *makes up book, affixes stamp, signs, and takes money.*]

JOCK. Things are looking up, Angus, eh?

ANGUS. Och, well! a man must be doing what he can.

MACPH. Well, well. (*Handing back pass-book.*) It was not my will at all to be pressing you, Angus, you'll understand.

ANGUS. Och, I'm understanding well enough.

MACPH. But here's something, Angus, for you to conseeder.—I'm thinking of building a shop out there in Mr. Galletly's lea-field, to sell groceries to the navvies who will be coming to the new mines. It would be the very place for Morag.

ANGUS (*smiling*). And is it a shop-girl you'd be making of Morag? You'll see Morag behind your counter, Mr. MacPhedran, when the sea takes fire—not a minute earlier.

MACPH. Tach!—Set you up!

JOCK (*to* MACPHEDRAN). Ne'er heed him.—Anither wee drap?

MACPH. (*his angry eye still on* ANGUS). No more—no more!

JOCK. Hae, man, juist a sup!

MRS. G. (*whipping up bottle and glasses and returning them to cupboard*). Dinna be unmainnerly, Jock! Isn't the man telling ye he's had eneuch.—Come you awa' oot here, Mr. MacPhedran, and look at that new patent kirn ye sell't us twa months ago.—It's aye breaking doon.

JOCK. Talking aboot mainners!—Let the man ha'e his dram!

MRS. G. He'll get it when I'm dune shewing him yon kirn!—He'll need it then.

[SHE *ushers* MACPHEDRAN *out by main door.*]

JOCK. Eh, but she's the warrior!

ANGUS. She's all that.

JOCK. A fair warrior!—But whit kin' o' talk is yon ye gi'ed MacPhedran?—Ye're daft shairly no' to fa' in wi' this iron-ore business.—MacPhedran's nae fule.—And he says it's the best thing ever happened hereaboots.

ANGUS. Ay, for himself and his kind, no doubt.

JOCK. Ay, and for us folk.—A'll get a guid whack by way o' compensation for clearing this side o' the hill o' sheep.—But ye're shairly no' set on hauding oot again' the Captain for the sake o' a wee thackit hoose, and a wat field or twa?

ANGUS. You'll not be understanding, Mr. Galletly.

JOCK. A'm understandin' fine. It's juist Hielan' pride.

ANGUS. You'll not be understanding why we have the Crofters' Act in the Highlands, I'm thinking?

JOCK. Oh, damn the Crofters' Act!—We'll ride a cairridge and pair through the Crofters' Act!—Man, it wad pey ye to let the Captain buy ye oot, Angus.

ANGUS. But the Act will not let him buy me out. And the Act will not let me sell, even if I wanted to.

JOCK. Man, you Hielandmen are the great lawyers! —Fancy that!—And has the Captain nae mineral richts on your croft?

ANGUS. Oh, yes, he has mineral rights on the croft. But there are no minerals there he'll be wanting. They're all in the hill.

JOCK. Ay, ye're richt eneuch—on the hill. But whit wis't he wantit at your bit place—a water-dam or something?

ANGUS. Just that!—But he'll never can be doing that without a lot of bother, look you. And maybe not even then.

JOCK. Whit wey that?

ANGUS. Because he could get water-power from Glen Caol.

JOCK. But that's the ither side o' the hill, and the best ore's on your side. It wad cost a hantle sicht mair to bring water-power frae Glen Caol.

ANGUS (*smiling*). Just that!—But it will cost him a great deal more still to put me out of my croft.—There were too many clearances from Coillemore in Glen Lean in the old days for him to be raising the memory of them by turning out Angus MacKinnon, the last of the crofters there! No, no! he'll not can do it.

JOCK. They're saying he could turn ye out, if he bankrupted ye.

ANGUS. And that's just what he is doing.

JOCK. Whit?—It's a damned shame!

ANGUS (*calmly*). It's all that.—Did not you hear MacPhedran talking about the Sheriff Officer?

JOCK. Oh, was that it?—MacPhedran's in it, is he? —A' the same, ye're a thrawn de'il, Angus; and ye've fair raised them.—But it's hitting ablow the belt to bankrupt ye, so as to get your bit croft.

ANGUS. Och, well—we'll see—we'll see.

JOCK. Ye'll see, will ye?—Man, but ye're the game auld buckie.

ANGUS. I think I'll be taking a look at the pony now.

[HE *rises.*]

JOCK. Weel, if ye're for the stable, tak' this. (HE *hands* ANGUS *the brown-paper parcel.*) Pit it in Mac-Phedran's trap, will ye?—Some pigs' heids he was mooching aff us.

[*As they make for door at left back,* MRS. G. *enters hurriedly by main door.* ANGUS *goes off but* JOCK *remains.*]

Whit's a' the steer, guidwife?

MRS. G. Whan am I gaun to get ma work dune this day? There's the Captain and Mr. Stockman juist aff the hill, and they're like famished teegurs. And I see the Colonel coming ower the low green wi' his gillies. Whit for can they no' tak' a' their meals on the hill, like the rest o' folk that gang deer-stalking!

[GALLETLY *at once sets out bottle and glasses from cupboard.* MRS. G. *at once replaces them.*]

Na, na, nae mair o' that! It's juist encouraging them to come aboot.—And clear oot o' this! There's been eneuch dramming here for a'e day!

[SHE *bustles* GALLETLY *out of doors by back as the* CAPTAIN *enters by main door, talking to* MACPHEDRAN. THE CAPTAIN *is in sporting kit, leather pads on shoulder, etc.* MRS. GALLETLY *sets table with plain fare: cheese, butter, scones, and milk.* THEY *sit down and make a meal.* MRS. G. *goes out by back door.*]

MACPH. And the Captain is well, I hope? But be you taking care of yourself, sir. Good people are scarce, you know.

CAPTAIN. A tiring day, by Jove!—Stockman and I had a long walk and never a stag near us all the time.—A long tramp, I can tell you!—Well, and so you've got the Sheriff Officer on that chap's track at last, I suppose?

MACPH. Ay, we've commenced on him. Och, it will be as easy as easy.

CAPTAIN. That's good!

MACPH. Eighteen-ten, he's owing me. He'll never pay—never.

CAPTAIN. What's the procedure?

MACPH. See you now! He was served with a summons to Court at the Oban—registered post, of course. He never shewed face.

CAPTAIN. And then—?

MACPH. And seven days after that, we got decree.—That was yesterday. And now he has only nine days to run.

CAPTAIN. That's jolly sharp work.

MACPH. Oh, it's quick enough.—In nine days' time there will be an expired charge against him. And then he's notour bankrupt, as the lawyers say. And that's enough for the Crofters' Act.

CAPTAIN. No chance of his paying up in time?

MACPH. And who would lend money to a man so heavy on the drams as he is, think you?

CAPTAIN. Well, I hope there will be no hitch.—What was it you called it?—Notour——?

MACPH. Notour bankrupt. (*Rolling the words on his tongue vindictively.*) Agnus MacKinnon of Coillemore, notour bankrupt.

COLONEL (*entering by main door*). Ah! There you are, Charlie.—Any luck?

[CAPTAIN *shakes his head.*]

No?—Neither had we. Not a stag anywhere except in the Sanctuary. The beggars know how to chaw us, eh?—But what was that you said about Angus being bankrupt?

MACPH. (*gleefully*). Och, we'll have him broken in nine days' time, Colonel; and then he'll have to go. It's

the Crofters' Act he has been preaching and now he'll get his fill of it.

[THE CAPTAIN *is meanwhile signing to* MACPHEDRAN *to hold his tongue.*]

COLONEL (*angrily*). You're surely not taking that line, Charlie?—Ruining a man in order to get him evicted. It's not—hang it!—it's not cricket!

MACPH. (*now seeing* CHARLIE'S *signals*). Och, we'd never ruin him, sir!—Och, no, no. It's his own doing, look you, with his drinking and carrying on.—We'll just be stepping in after he is gone.

COLONEL. But you're forcing this, Charlie.

MACPH. Och, and it's just myself that's sorry for poor Angus!

CAPTAIN. Tuts! You are a twister, MacPhedran. Look here, father! Is it cricket?—is it fair for this man to obstruct us in a work that will do good to the whole island?

COLONEL. Good to your own pocket, Charlie. Keep to facts.

CAPTAIN. Plain speech, Father?

COLONEL. It is.

CAPTAIN. And I'll be as plain. I have to break this man, in order to carry out the mine business.—He won't listen to reason. Very well—I'll break him.

COLONEL. By a mean conspiracy.

MACPH. Och, not at all.

CAPTAIN. The law allows it.

COLONEL. Does your conscience?

CAPTAIN. I beg you to control yourself, father.

COLONEL. I will.—And I beg you to understand I object in every possible way to this breaking of a decent man.

CAPTAIN. You'll excuse me.—I want to see Stockman.

COLONEL. Charlie, Charlie! Think of what you are doing! What if Miss Mirlees heard of this?

CAPTAIN. Alice? What's this got to do with her? Please don't mix up my private affairs with business matters.

COLONEL. But, Charlie——!

CAPTAIN. I must really go now. Stockman is waiting for me.

COLONEL. You won't listen to me, you mean?

CAPTAIN. Still plain speech, dad?

COLONEL. Yes.

CAPTAIN. Then my answer is "No."

[HE *goes out by door on right and* MACPHEDRAN *sneaks out after him.*]

COLONEL (*going to door at back and calling with decision*). Mrs. Galletly!

MRS. G. (*off*). Ay!

COLONEL. Is Angus about, Mrs. Galletly?

MRS. G. (*off*). Ay!

COLONEL. Please tell him I want to see him.

MRS. G. (*off*). I wull!

ANGUS (*entering at back*). The Colonel was asking for me.

COLONEL. Yes, yes.—Eh, how's the leg, Angus?

ANGUS. Oh, it is very well now, sir—And I hope the Colonel is well.

COLONEL. Eh, ah—oh—yes, thank you—ah—quite well.—I heard from—ah—MacPhedran, that you were in some little money difficulty, Angus.—I—ah—would—ah—be glad, y'know, if you'd allow me to offer a little—ah—help.

ANGUS (*shyly*). Och, no. I'm not needing anything at all, at all. But the Colonel is very kind—och, yes, very kind.—(*Then angrily.*) All the same, MacPhedran had no call to be talking of my affairs before people, look you.

COLONEL (*soothingly*). Well, now, it's like this, Angus. Is there any way I could get you some work, so that you could be making a little money in your odd time?

ANGUS. The Colonel is very kind—but I'm not wanting charity.

COLONEL. And who's talking of it? What about clearing some of my ground of rabbits, now—or some fencing? Yes, that's it—fencing—at the Gray Rocks above your croft yonder. The wire is broken there, isn't it?

ANGUS. It is that.

COLONEL. Well, get to work on it, man. The deer get through there rather badly, I'm afraid.

ANGUS. Indeed, yes—they do indeed.—And if the Colonel would be giving me the wire for it, I could be mending the fence very well.

COLONEL. Right! I'll send up the wire. And let me have your account as soon as you're through, will you?

ANGUS. Thank you kindly, sir.

COLONEL. And, oh, by the way, I must give you a luckpenny, just to seal the bargain. (*Looks at pocket-book.*) Hang it!—Thought I had a fiver here.

ANGUS. Och, no need at all for a luckpenny.

COLONEL. Oh, but yes.—And come to think of it, Angus, I really owe you something to compensate you for all the damage those deer must have done to your crops.

ANGUS. Och, no need for that, sir.—But they're the big thieves all the same, are the deer.

COLONEL (*whispering*). Have a pot at a hind now and again, Angus. We'll never miss it.—But not too often. In reason, y'know—in reason.

[ANGUS *smiles broadly.*]

Aha! You rogue! You've been at them already, eh?

ANGUS. Well, you see, it's very hard.

COLONEL. I knew it—I knew it—you dog! (*Digs him playfully in the ribs.*) Hush! Here's the Captain back already. Mum's the word!

CAPTAIN (*at main door*). We're off, father. Coming?—Stockman's going back to Torlochan. Hotel trap's coming down for him. He has to go south tomorrow, you remember?

[*Turns to go out.*]

COLONEL. Oh—ah—yes.—Just a moment, though, Charlie.—I have to see Mrs. Galletly first. Some things to settle, y'know. Have you by any chance a fiver on you?

CAPTAIN. One do?

[*As he brings out pocket-book he drops a letter.*]

COLONEL. One will do.

[THE CAPTAIN *gives* COLONEL *the money and then stoops to pick up dropped letter.* COLONEL *waggles five-pound note behind his back, and signs to* ANGUS *to take it.* COLONEL *and* CAPTAIN *go out together by main door.*

ANGUS *regards the note whimsically, puts it in his pocket, scratches his head in puzzled fashion, and lights his pipe philosophically.*]

MRS. G. (*accompanied by* MRS. DUNCAN, *a crofter woman, enters by back door on left*). Come in, woman, come in.—I'll fin' MacPhedran for ye.

[MRS. G. *goes out by main door.*]

MRS. D. A fine day, Angus.

ANGUS. It is all that, Mrs. Duncan.—Speaking for myself, I would say it is one of the very finest. (*Then, scratching his head.*) You'll not now be wanting to make me the present of five pounds, Mrs. Duncan?

MRS. D. (*amazed, but solemn.*) Five pounds! Indeed and I am not, Angus.

ANGUS. No!—'Deed no!—I was just wondering.

[MACPHEDRAN *enters by main door.* MRS. DUNCAN *produces wallet and takes some money from it.* MACPHEDRAN *looks over her pass-book which she hands him.*]

MRS. D. Twenty-three shillings, Mr. MacPhedran.

MACPH. I expected thirty-three, Mrs. Duncan. You're slow—very slow. (HE *writes in book.*) And how is your brother up at Sunipol?

MRS. D. Och, he's very much better now.

MACPH. See you now.—Next you meet him tell him I was asking after his health.

MRS. D. I will surely; and thank you very much, Mr. MacPhedran.—You're the kind man.

MACPH. Oh! And by the by, say to him I was asking after the health of the last heifer I sold him, will ye?

MRS. D. I will that. But why are you asking after an old cow's health, Mr. MacPhedran, and never even asking after mine?

MACPH. I'm coming to that, Mrs. Duncan—just coming. But business first, Mrs. Duncan—business first. I was asking for the cow's health because she's never paid for yet. And I was wondering if she'd be well enough to walk back to me.

MRS. D. (*blankly*). Oh, is that it?

MACPH. Ay—that's just it. Be you telling him, will ye?—And now about yourself. You're well, I can see. But be you taking care of yourself, Mrs. Duncan. Good people are scarce, you know.—Good people are scarce.

MRS. D. (*grinning affably*). Oy, Mr. MacPhedran! Good-day to you, sir. Good-day, Angus!

MACPH—ANGUS. Good day, Mrs. Duncan.

[SHE *goes out by back door.*]

ANGUS (*rising and handing over five-pound note and pass-book to* MACPHEDRAN.) Will you be marking that off the book?

MACPH. (*gasping*). Well, well!

[HE *marks, stamps and signs book.* ANGUS *takes it, saunters back to fire unconcernedly, and, relighting pipe, sits down again.*]

STOCKMAN (*entering by main door*). The Captain wants

a word with you, MacPhedran, before he goes. He's gone to the yard. (*Points to door at back.*)

[MACPHEDRAN *goes out by back door.*]

ANGUS. You're not for going back with them to the big house, Mr. Stockman?

STOCKMAN. No; the Torlochan trap's coming for me. My luggage went up this morning already.

ANGUS. Did Mr. Stockman have any luck on the hill to-day?

STOCKMAN. No. We never got near them. Never a shot from the Captain or myself the whole day.—By the by, Angus, ever done any deer-stalking yourself?

ANGUS (*with a guilty start*). Och, yes, when I was younger. I did a lot of gillying at that same.

STOCKMAN. I wasn't asking about gillying, old bean. I was asking—ever done any slaying of the noble king of the forest yourself—eh?

ANGUS (*pretending amazement*). Is it me?—Killing a deer?—Och, but Mr. Stockman knows that is only for the gentry!

STOCKMAN (*tapping him on shoulder*). Well, you are an old submarine, I must say!—See here: it's this.—I'm due to go south to-morrow—and I've been fool enough to write home about the great deer-stalks I am having in the intervals of prospecting for the mine here. And—well—can't you see, old pippin? she'll be expecting to see me returning a mighty Nimrod—eh, what?

ANGUS. She?

STOCKMAN. My wife, sir—my trusty spouse!—Fact is, I can't see myself returning to her without a trophy of the chase, my aged friend.

ANGUS. I'm not understanding.

STOCKMAN. Of course! But you're not trying to, you elusive old bird. What I mean is—what price your helping me to camouflage a tiny bit? A stag's head to grace my ancestral halls is what I would be at, most potent signior.—See?

ANGUS (*slowly*). Yes, yes. The Major will be wanting a stag's head?

STOCKMAN. At last you savvy! (*Produces card and writes.*) See here!—Get me a nice head, and send it on to this fellow.—That's the name of the man who stuffs birds and things in Oban. He'll prepare it and forward it to me. My address is on the front of this.

ANGUS (*ruminating*). Sometimes we'll be finding a stag dead on the hill.

STOCKMAN (*with conviction*). I've no doubt on that point in the least, Angus. In fact, I believe they'll be *very* dead. (*Pulls out a wallet and counts out five Treasury Notes of £1 each.*) See here! Understand? A stag's head—a good one—if a royal, all the better.—Not from Captain Charlie's ground, of course. Wouldn't do. *Noblesse oblige* and all that, y'know.

ANGUS. Mr. Stockman was saying he was going by the morning steamer?

STOCKMAN. Such is my purpose, my worthy ancient!

ANGUS. Then, wait you!

[HE *opens door of little room and lifts out a sack showing a few blood-stains at its base. The antlers of a stag protrude, as he holds the sack open for* STOCKMAN'S *inspection.*]

A fine stag of ten, sir, that lay down before my own door last night and died on me right away.—Will that be suiting, Mr. Stockman? It could be going up in your trap to-night, if I wrapped it up well in two or three more sacks.—You could be taking it to the man in the Oban yourself, sir.

STOCKMAN (*delighted*). You are really the bally limit, old bean!—*Haec summa est*, as the poet sings!—Here!—(*Sweeps the notes into* ANGUS' *hand.*) Pack it well, and take it out to the trap as soon as it comes.—And so the foul deed is done! (HE *strikes a tragic attitude.*) It's a ripping fine head, that!

ANGUS. It is all that. There's more than iron on

Ben Creach, let me tell you.—Does Mr. Stockman know a fine tune called "The Glen is Mine"?

STOCKMAN. Sir Oracle, I do not. But your remarks are astonishingly to the point. Pack the head well, my boy.

[STOCKMAN *goes to main door and* ANGUS *carries out sack past him.* MRS. G. *enters with* MACPHEDRAN *at door at back.*]

STOCKMAN. Oh, has my trap come yet, Mrs. Galletly?

MRS. G. Juist this meenit come, sir.

STOCKMAN. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Galletly! (*Then to* MACPHEDRAN, *whose profile and tufted beard look the least bit reminiscent of a Pharaoh.*) Good-bye, Rameses!

[*He goes out by main door.*]

MRS. G. Guid-bye, sir.

[*But* MACPHEDRAN *can only gasp.*]

MACPH. (*gathering up his papers on dresser at left*). Well, well! I must be getting home, too.

MRS. G. And I'll be gled to see a toom hoose, I can tell ye.—Siccan a day as I've had wi' the lot o' ye.

ANGUS (*entering hurriedly by main door, hastily produces pass-book and makes a bee-line for* MACPHEDRAN *with it and* STOCKMAN'S *five pound-notes in his hand*). Will you be taking another five pounds off the account?

MACPH. (*gasping, as he sets down his bag*). Whatever are you doing, Angus MacKinnon, making fun of me all day; and wasting the good stamps on me?—Could you not be paying me all in one, and have done with it?

ANGUS (*scratching his head*). Look you, it's not me that's doing it at all, at all.—I'm thinking it's Providence or—or—something queer, anyway.

MRS. G. (*philosophically*). I wadna wonner.—Ay—a Higher Power—nae doot—nae doot.

MACPH. (*affixing stamp wrathfully*). That's the third stamp this day on the same account! Are you for making a Post Office of me?

ANGUS. No, no, Mr. MacPhedran. There's nobody could be making anything of you but what you are making yourself.—And that's punishment enough for any man, I'm thinking.

MACPH. (*angrily*). Tach! Talk!—See you now, Angus MacKinnon, I'll not be forgetting this. No, no. I'll not be forgetting it.

[*Having collected his papers,* HE *stamps out by back door full of wrath.*]

MRS. G. You're the queer man!

ANGUS. Queer, is it? My head is queer anyway—with the things that have been happening to me this day.

MRS. G. Whatever are you havering at? There's naething oot o' the wey happened hereaboots, as far as I've noticed.

ANGUS. Is there not now? Well, then, go you out and see if there is not someone coming down the road with five pound-notes in his hand, and him asking for Angus of Coillemore.

JOCK (*entering by back door*). MacPhedran went aff withoot asking for his pork.

MRS. G. Nae fear. Angus tied it up for him an 'oor ago.

[SHE *is busy at housework again.*]

ANGUS. Yes, yes. I put the pork in his trap all right.

JOCK (*sitting down and taking his pipe*). A thocht ye were for hame a while ago, Angus?

ANGUS. I was thinking so myself.—But the strange things have been happening to me this day, look you. And now I'm just waiting for more of them.—I've a feeling that I may be coming into a kind of a fortune.

JOCK. Dod, A'm feeling that wey mysel', wi' that big hill, fou' of money, so to speak, staunin' ower me a' day.

ANGUS. Och, that's no fortune at all, at all, if it will be spoiling Eilean Aros.

JOCK. Spiling?

ANGUS. Yes, spoiling. Man, did you ever see Glasgow?

JOCK (*enthusiastically*). Ay, man!—it's the great place, yon!

ANGUS. Tach! (HE *spits contemptuously in the fire.*) That for Glasgow!

MRS. G. Weel, ye'll see something yonder. And here ye'll see naething but the mune.

ANGUS. Yes, yes.—But where in all the cities of the south will you find a bigger share of content than you'll get in Eilean Aros?

JOCK. Och, ay.—They doze awa' fine hereaboots.

ANGUS. Doze, is it? It would do good to some of the black-faced men on the Clyde yonder, if they could be doing some dozing instead of catching trains all day.

JOCK. Ay, man, A wadna wunner!

ANGUS. And if we'd kept by the old Highland ways hereabouts it would be better for us too.—Sixty years ago, there was less money here and more people and more happiness. My father it was that told me!

MRS. G. Ay, plenty o' folk and plenty o' poverty and plenty o' parish rates, nae doot.

ANGUS. No—neither poverty nor rates.—There were corn and cattle and sheep here in plenty.—And never a shilling passing from hand to hand, for everything was paid in kind. A happy, contented folk.

JOCK. Aweel, there's twa sides to every story.—But it's time we were seeing to the queys, wife.

[THEY *go out by main door.* ANGUS *walks about perplexedly, then lights his pipe slowly, takes out his pass-book, and regards it benevolently.* HE *turns over its pages and reads.*]

ANGUS. Twenty-one.—Eighteen-ten.—Well, well!—

Thirteen-ten.—Eight-ten.—Och, we're getting on!—Och, och, and yes!

[HE *again resumes his pipe, stretching himself in luxurious fashion in the arm-chair.*]

MRS. G. (*entering hurriedly by main door*). Whitever's this ye're efter noo, ye sorrowfu' cratur?

ANGUS. And what now, Mrs. Galletly.

MRS. G. There's the Colonel and the Captain and MacPhedran a' back again, and siccan a tiravee as they're ha'eing wi' Jock oot there. Whit did ye dae wi' MacPhedran's pork?

ANGUS. And didn't the Colonel and the Captain go off by themselves? Whatever is MacPhedran doing in it at all?

MRS G. Och, didn't MacPhedran meet up on them wi' his trap, and gi'ed them a lift. And when the Captain stepped intae the trap, a deer's horn stuck too o' a parcel ablow the seat and scartit his leg.—And MacPhedran's pork's no' there.—And they're accusing Jock o' poaching.

ANGUS (*dismally*). Och, och! And did I put the stag's head in the wrong trap, then!—Wasn't the trap with the red wheels Mr. Stockman's?

MRS. G. That was MacPhedran's, ye gomeral! Ye've been and pit the twa pigs' heids in Mr. Stockman's.—They were a present frae me to MacPhedran—no' for yon haw-haw buddy at a'.

ANGUS (*laughing uncontrollably*). Och! Och!

MRS. G. Are ye daft?

ANGUS. No, no! But, look you, I'm thinking of the face of the bird-stuffer man in Oban when he opens yon parcel and sees the sows' heads!

MRS. G. I dinna ken whit ye're blethering aboot. But ye'll lauch on the wrang side o' yer face, aince ye hear the Captain. He's roaring mad.

[COLONEL, CAPTAIN *and* MACPHEDRAN *enter by door on right, arguing volubly with* JOCK.]

CAPTAIN. Do you know anything of this, Mrs. Galletly?—this stag's-head business? We must get to the bottom of it. Who put it in the trap?

ANGUS (*stepping forward*). By your leave, sir, it was just me.

CAPTAIN. Aha!—Here we are at last!—Another nail in your coffin, my man!—And where did you get it, may I ask?

ANGUS. I found the beast dead on my own croft.

CAPTAIN. And you killed it, I'll swear, before you found it, eh?

ANGUS. I did that.

CAPTAIN. You hear, father?—You hear, MacPhedran?—He killed it!—You know what this means, father?

ANGUS. Och, the Colonel knows very well what it means. I have his permission to kill a deer now and then to save my crops as long as the fence at Coillemore is down.

COLONEL. But——

[HE *can say no more, chuckling with suppressed mirth, as he is.*]

CAPTAIN (*amazed*). Father!—Is this true?

COLONEL. Well, yes—— You see, I gave Angus permission to——

CAPTAIN (*angrily*). Oh, when will this end?—I give one instruction, you give the opposite.—Whatever was the good of transferring the estate to me, if you——?

COLONEL. Yes, yes, Charlie.—We'll talk of this later on, if you please.

CAPTAIN. Oh!—later on. Always the same old story!

[COLONEL *and* JOCK *go out by main door.*]

MACPH. But where is the pork?

CAPTAIN. Yes, that looks like another theft.

ANGUS. I'm saying nothing about the pork at all, at

all, look you. But I'll say this. I got a good price for that stag's head in this room this very day, and because of that stag's head, there was five pounds taken off my account with you, Mr. MacPhedran. (*Producing pass-book and handing it to* CAPTAIN.) And there, look you, is the receipt!

CAPTAIN (*looking at signature*). MacPhedran!—Oh, let me get out of this, or I'll choke—MacPhedran!

[HE *goes out hurriedly by main door, while* MACPHEDRAN *remains too dumbfounded to say a word in his own defence.*]

ANGUS (*too absorbed in loving study of his pass-book to have observed the* CAPTAIN'S *exit*). But you're not for understanding me, Captain. I'm not blaming Mr. MacPhedran at all, at all. I'm only saying——

[*But the* CAPTAIN *is now out of earshot, and* ANGUS *looks up from his pass-book to find himself under the vengeful eyes of* MACPHEDRAN.]

MACPH. (*beside himself with rage*). Angus MacKinnon!—you're bad—you're bad!

ANGUS (*with spirit*). Bad, is it? I'm thinking then that there are two of us that is in it.—And as the man said at the boat-race, "If there's any difference between us, both of us is alike."

MACPH. Look you, Angus MacKinnon, I'll be upsides with you for this—I'll be upsides with you for this.

[*Raises a threatening fist, and goes towards main door.*]

ANGUS. Mr. MacPhedran!

MACPH. (*coming back*). Well?

ANGUS (*washing his hands in air in imitation of the other's manner*). Take care of yourself.—Good people are scarce.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*The living-room of the Croft at Coillemore. A week later. Midway in rear wall is an open door, through which are seen the glen and the hills in full sunlight. Against the door are tilted several coils of fencing-wire. On each side of door, in same wall, there is a window with deep sill. On sill of that on left lies a set of bagpipes ; under right window is a spinning-wheel. To left at back is a dresser with dishes on it. The right wall is bare save for a chromolithograph, unframed, and some pegs from which hang a shawl and some coats. A door opens off left wall at back ; and farther forward, in same wall, is an open fire-place, with a girdle suspended over the peats. A peat-creel and two chairs are close to fire. In centre of floor is a plain table with baking-board, rolling-pin, flour, and dough on it. A chair is at each end of table.* MORAG *is busy at baking scones, passing to and fro from girdle to baking-board.* ANGUS *is sitting by fire examining pass-book.*

MORAG. What for are you looking at that book so often ?

ANGUS. I thought I saw a man on Torlochan side on the hill over. He might be passing this place.

MORAG. And what then ?

ANGUS. It's the way things are happening nowadays, look you !—He might be making me a present of a pound or two. And if no one comes as they used to be coming, I'll be a bankrupt man in three days' time.

MORAG. Och, you and your bankruptcy !—Be going down to the Colonel and he'll give you the money in advance for your work at the deer-fence, and you can be paying MacPhedran on the way home.

ANGUS. Ay, I might be doing that.—But we'll see if

some other queer thing will not happen to me first of all.—I'll be going up to the fence now, whatever.

[*Takes up coil of wire.*]

And if anyone comes this way, be sure you call me in.

MORAG. Is it call you in, whether they're king or beggar?

ANGUS. Whether they're king or beggar, be you calling me.

[HE *goes out turning to left.*

MORAG *goes on with her baking, singing a Gaelic song.* MURDO MACKAY *appears at the window on right, comes to the door and looks in.*]

MORAG. Oh, and is it you that's in it? Did you come over the hill-road?

MURDO. I did that. It's Fast-day in Tollochan; and it's on holiday I am.—But what for are you asking about the hill-road? Did I ever come by any other?

MORAG (*airily*). No.—But I thought may be you'd be forgetting the way to this place now.

MURDO (*protesting*). Now, Morag——

MORAG. Miss MacKinnon, if you please.

MURDO. And where's the sense in that?

MORAG. Sense enough for those that want to make a desert of Eilean Aros with their iron-mines and their blastings!

MURDO. Och! the iron-mines, the iron-mines! Is there nothing then at all under the blue sky but iron-mines?

MORAG. And have you found that out at last?

MURDO. Well, well! What word at all can I have for you, Morag, that you will not be angry with?

MORAG. It's not words I'm angry with.—It's with you and your like I'm angry, that are helping to bankrupt my father.

MURDO. Whatever are you saying? I'm helping no one to do that same.

MORAG. You're on the side of these iron-mine people, aren't you? And what else are they doing but bankrupting him? And in three days' time, too, so that they can evict him under the Act.

MURDO. The dirty rogues! Is it that they're doing?

MORAG. There's your civilisation for you.

MURDO. And you can be thinking I'd stand by them in such a thing?

MORAG. Och, I'm not caring, Mr. MacKay, what you'd be standing by, or what you'd not be standing by, I'm sure!

MURDO. Och, you're sore on me, lass!—And I'm not bothering about these iron-mines any more, let me tell you. (*Producing letter.*) I've better news for you than iron-mines.

MORAG. And what now?

MURDO (*opening letter*). It's this. My Uncle Duncan is dead in Lochcarron, look you.—And it's to myself the succession of his big croft is coming.—And there's a railway handy to it for Inverness where there's books and things in plenty.—And—and—oh, *mo chridhe!* [1]

[HE *stretches arms appealingly.*]

MORAG (*doleful*). Oh, Murdo! And will you be leaving Eilean Aros?

MURDO. Ay, I'll be going, but only if——

[HE *holds out his hands to her.*]

MORAG (*going to him*). And you'll really be wanting me, lad?

MURDO. Ay, I'll be wanting you, my dear! (HE *kisses her.*) And it's now I'm thinking more of you than of all the big cities of the South and all the iron-mines that ever was.—Besides, there's Inverness not so far away.

MORAG. Och, a snap of my thumb for Inverness.

[1] My love.

You'll have no time for that nonsense with a croft and a wife on your hands.

MURDO. Well, now, and couldn't I be getting the fine books yonder; and couldn't I be reading at nights and studying, even if I was only a crofter in the daytime?

MORAG (*mockingly*). I can see you'll be doing wonders.

MURDO. And I was hearing of a man in Ardnamurchan, in a wee blackhouse there with an earthen floor, and him working a typewriter, and making stuff to be printed in the papers.

MORAG. Och, good luck to the typewriter!—Lochcarron!—It's the fine country yon, and the crofts not bad at all, at all.—Well, we could be trying for our fortune, anyway, *laochain*.[1]

MURDO. Trying, is it? I've all the fortune I'll ever want, if I've Morag MacKinnon.

MORAG. And a railway handy.

MURDO. Now, now, lass——

MORAG. To get away from her now and then.

MURDO. Och, will you wheesht!

[HE *stifles her next words with a kiss.*]

[ANGUS *enters with a few ends of wire which he lays down.*]

ANGUS. And what's this of it?

MURDO (*embarrassed as* MORAG *goes back to her baking*).—It's—it's a fine day, Angus.

ANGUS (*with gloomy regard*). Ay, it's a fine day when the fox turns preacher.

MORAG. Och, father, he's not against us, at all, at all.

MURDO. 'Deed, no, Angus.—I'm not for their dirty iron-mines any more. The villains that they are!—trying to break you!—And I'm for starting a fine croft of my own.—And will you be letting Morag come to me now?

ANGUS. And what croft is there for a shifty lad like you, I wonder?

[1] My hero!

MURDO. The croft of my Uncle Duncan who died on us on Monday last.—It's straight back from the burying I am.—Faolinnvore it's called, in Lochcarron.

ANGUS. Lochcarron!—the ends of all the earth!

[HE *sits down, overcome.*]

MORAG. Father!

ANGUS. And is it leaving me you are, Morag, and me in my old age?

MORAG. Och, it's but a day's journey, or maybe two in winter.

ANGUS. A hundred miles if it's a step!—Och, och! it's not enough that I'm to be losing my good name with the bankruptcy.—It's not enough to be losing the croft where I was born.—But the daughter of my heart must be leaving me too.

MORAG. Losing! Who's talking of losing?—You'll be coming with us to Lochcarron. Will he not, Murdo?

MURDO. What else would he be doing! And welcome!

ANGUS. Och, this day, this day!

MURDO. And as for the good name of you, Angus, I have some money laid by, and——

ANGUS. Ay, you're for bribing me now to let you be taking her away from me.—No, no! I want none of your money.

MORAG. Och, father, be you fair?

ANGUS. Will you listen to her?—Fair?—Is it fair for you to be leaving this house, and me in my trouble and shame?

MURDO. Now, Angus, have some reason in you.

ANGUS (*rising*). Och, let me be going back to my work. It's all I have to think of now.—Reason?—reason? (*Lifts a new coil of wire*).—And the heart of me breaking!—And be you keeping your money; for I'll take a vow this very minute never to lift money from anyone but what I've earned with my own hands.

MURDO. But I'm not asking——

ANGUS. For I'm seeing that the money that is got for nothing has to be dearly paid for in the end of all.—So let me be going now to my work. And I'm seeing I'll be at the drams to-morrow; and there will not be enough drink in all Torlochan to drown this sorrow of mine!

MURDO. But I'm not——

ANGUS. Bribing me, is it?—Och, did I not say it was a fine day when the fox turns preacher?

[HE *goes out, and* MURDO, *downcast, sits by fire.* MORAG *goes on with her work, then comes behind him, her hand on his shoulder.*]

MORAG. And what need to be grieving, Murdo?—It's me that kens the ways of him. I'll be managing him, look you!

MURDO. He hits hard, and me meaning well.

MORAG. Och, but he's only a man. And there's nothing like the men for changeability.—Look at yourself! Iron-mines and civilisation one day; and a croft in Lochcarron the next! Trust you to Morag to put him right.

[*Sound of voices outside.*]

And what's this now?

[COLONEL MURRAY *and* CAPTAIN CHARLIE *enter.*]

COLONEL. A fine day, Morag.—Your father about?—How are you, Murdo?

MORAG. He's in the wood, fencing. I can be finding him in a minute.—Will you be coming, Murdo?

[*They go out.*]

CAPTAIN. I think you'd best do the talking, father. He's as touchy as gunpowder with me.

COLONEL. Very well.—I'll say nothing about MacPhedran's refusal. I'll just pay him in advance for the fencing, and see that he gets enough to clear this debt.

CAPTAIN. I hope to goodness he'll snap at it.—But you never can tell, with a sly old dog like Angus.—He may have heard something. News travels fast here. Ten to one he'll have heard some yarn about all the county people being down on me!

COLONEL. Some yarn! Well, are they not down on you?

CAPTAIN (*walking about restlessly*). Good Lord! not all the county!—It's only the Ellis-Maitlands and the Broughs that are at it.—Always the profiteers that get their claws into our set.—Hope Alice won't hear anything!—Hang it all! You'd think a man was a criminal because he tried to start an iron-mine!

COLONEL. It's not the mine they object to, Charlie. It's your method of clearing crofters.

CAPTAIN. Damn MacPhedran! Why wouldn't he let us settle this chap's account?

COLONEL. Well, we can get Angus to settle it himself.—Then there will be an end to this gossip.

CAPTAIN. Bad enough that Redfern should throw the iron-mine over, without this upset!

COLONEL. Best thing Redfern ever did, dropping your mine.—Don't you worry.—There are surely other ways you can retrieve on those South African losses.

CAPTAIN. You think so?

COLONEL. Yes, what about the larch-wood on the north there?—Time it was being thinned out.

CAPTAIN. Well—yes.

COLONEL. And then, what about the afforestation of the estate generally? If your engagement to Alice comes off—you could think of forestry.—A family man, eh?

CAPTAIN. Something in that.

COLONEL. Well, you think over it, boy.

[ANGUS *enters wearily.*]

COLONEL. Ah! here he is! A fine day, Angus.

ANGUS (*quietly*). A fine day, sir.

COLONEL. Quite well, Angus?—No?—You look a bit off colour.

ANGUS (*dismally*). I'm as well as I'll ever be, I'm thinking.

COLONEL. Depressed a bit!—Oh, but we'll soon put that all right.—Well, we've come to tell you that this iron-mine business is off. The Company have got more suitable ground elsewhere than in Eilean Aros, it appears. So there's no question of your leaving Coillemore now, Angus.

ANGUS (*dejected still*). Do you tell me?

COLONEL. Charlie and I think of doing some wood-cutting instead. The big larches, y'know.

ANGUS. Well, well!

COLONEL. So you could be having quite a busy time here, and might make some extra money when you had no work to do on the croft.

ANGUS. 'Deed, ay.

COLONEL. And then, about this foolish bankruptcy business, Angus.—Well, it's like this—I'm going to advance you some money on your fence-repairing contract, so that you can be clear with MacPhedran before the next three days are gone.—It's three days, isn't it?

ANGUS. The Colonel is very kind.

COLONEL. Well, now, will twenty do?

[*Takes out pocket-book.*]

ANGUS (*blankly*). I want nothing at all.

COLONEL. Nonsense, Angus. Let's get this settled.

ANGUS. No, no! I've taken an oath this very day to lift no money I have not earned.

CAPTAIN. But hang it all, man, you must take it. You mustn't be bankrupted!—I'll be in a devil of a hole if you're bankrupted!

ANGUS (*angrily*). But I want to be bankrupted!—And I want to be left alone!—And I just want to die and be done with it.—There's nobody cares for me at all, at all.—And I'm feenished, so I am.

COLONEL. Whatever's come over you?

ANGUS. Och, there's nothing I want now but to go up to Torlochan and get drunk till I'm senseless, I'm telling you!

CAPTAIN. You're senseless already, I think, to be talking that way. See here! We've been to MacPhedran to settle your account so as to keep you out of this bankruptcy business, and myself out of all this silly gossip about my bankrupting you. It's chiefly on my own account I'm taking all this trouble, I admit.—Understand?

ANGUS. I'm understanding.

CAPTAIN. But MacPhedran refuses all dealings except with the principal—that's you. He's got his knife in you evidently, and wants to break you.—Are you listening? Taking all this in?

ANGUS. Oh, I'm listening, right enough.

CAPTAIN. But MacPhedran can certainly not refuse the money from yourself.—So we are lending you the cash to pay him and spoil his little game.—It's some petty spite he has against you.

ANGUS. There was a man here——

CAPTAIN. Hang it! Will you take the money?

ANGUS. There was a man here to-day already, offering me money to do that same. But I found out that he wanted something from me by way of return for the obligement.—And I'm wondering now what is't you'll be wanting, if I'll be obliging you by going down and settling with MacPhedran.

CAPTAIN. Hang it all, man, we're wanting nothing! Obligement? Don't you see it's yourself you're obliging, by getting clear of bankruptcy.

ANGUS. Och! I might as well be bankrupt, and done with everything.

CAPTAIN. The man's mad!

ANGUS. And isn't it a strange thing now, that the Laird and his son come begging to a crofter almost on

their bended knees, so that he will be taking money from them?

CAPTAIN. Clean daft!

COLONEL. You'd better leave us, Charlie.—You're too excitable.

CAPTAIN (*sulkily*). Oh, very well! But I don't envy you your job!

[HE *goes out.*]

COLONEL (*quietly*). It's this way, Angus.—We're old friends, you and me—and I want you to help us out of a difficulty. There's a story got abroad that the Captain took an unfair advantage of you in trying to bankrupt you, so as to get you out of your holding and have the ground clear for his water-power scheme.

ANGUS. He's the foolish son to you, Colonel, that one; although it's to yourself I'm saying it.

COLONEL. Quite so; but (*smiling*) you see, he is my son.

ANGUS. He is that.

COLONEL. And now, quite privately and as between old friends, I may as well tell you that there's a lady now in this island, mixed up in this affair—a lady the Captain is specially interested in. He may marry her, in fact.—And if you are bankrupted—Charlie's—ah—prospects may be seriously interfered with.

ANGUS (*repeating incredulously*). If I am bankrupted, the Captain's prospects may be seriously interfered with!—It's surely not my Morag he is after?

COLONEL. No, no! That would be a bit—a bit strange, don't you think?

ANGUS. It would that.—But there's the strange things happening hereabouts nowadays, let me tell you.—And he would be the second man this day that was after her.

COLONEL (*smiling*). No, no! it's an English lady.—She is on a visit here just now. And, you see, if she heard these exaggerated reports—these—ah—gossipy stories

about Charlie—she might—not—well—she might not hit it off with Charlie.—Understand?

ANGUS (*smiling radiantly and broadly for the first time in the conversation*). Och! and is that it?—I thought by the way you went about it, you were wanting something from me?

COLONEL. And so we do. We are asking you to help us out of this—ah—difficulty—by refusing to let yourself be bankrupted.

ANGUS. 'Deed so you are now! So you are!

CAPTAIN (*entering*). Any forrader, father?

COLONEL. Hush!

ANGUS. So you are now!—Well, I'll be conseedering——

CAPTAIN. Good heavens! Is that all the length you've got?

COLONEL. Y'know, you've only three days left to do your considering in, Angus.

ANGUS. I'd like fine to be staying on in Coillemore, look you!

CAPTAIN. Man alive! And what's to hinder you?

ANGUS. I'll not can be doing that if Morag leaves me.

COLONEL. But I told you it wasn't Morag.—It's an English lady.

ANGUS. Oh, I'm understanding that bit of it fine.—But Morag is for marrying Murdo MacKay, and going away to Lochcarron on a croft there. And then I'll not want to be staying on at Coillemore any more.

CAPTAIN. But what's that to do with the bankruptcy?

ANGUS. Och, you'd wonder now—you'd wonder now! If the Captain—I'm speaking to the Captain, sir, for he's the Laird now, isn't he?—If the Captain—and this is how I'm seeing it—if the Captain was to give Murdo the old holding at Tor-a-Bhlair that is next to mine at Coillemore we could be repairing the old house—and Morag and he would not be leaving me to go to the ends of all the earth at Lochcarron.

CAPTAIN. Well! of all the old——! You're for driving a hard bargain, Angus?

ANGUS. Och, not so hard at all, at all.—I'm only saying that I will let myself be bankrupted, unless the Captain will be giving Murdo the holding at Tor-a-Bhlair.

CAPTAIN. Tuts, nonsense! (*Then, reflecting.*) A bit thick, father, eh?

COLONEL (*chuckling*). He has you tight, Charlie.—Allow Angus!

ANGUS (*with spirit*). I will not be having the Captain tight or anybody tight, if they'll be leaving me slack.—But the Captain was not slack with me when I was in his hands, and in MacPhedran's hands, because of him.

CAPTAIN. Oh, damn! Let's get home out of this!

COLONEL. No, no! Let's make an end of it. Promise Tor-a-Bhlair for Murdo. He'll be handy for the wood-cutting, if we go on with it.

ANGUS. He will, indeed! He's the great scholar, is Murdo! Chemistry and civilisation and all that. He would make the fine manager for the cutting of the woods.

CAPTAIN. All right, then—you old bloodsucker! Murdo is to have Tor-a-Bhlair—that's agreed! And you'll promise not to go bankrupt.

ANGUS. Yes, yes, I'll promise.

COLONEL (*handing notes to* CAPTAIN). For heaven's sake, give him your hand on it, before he asks anything else.

[CAPTAIN *shakes hands with* ANGUS *hurriedly.*]

CAPTAIN. Now, you'll be sure to settle with MacPhedran.—How much do you need as an advance?

ANGUS. Eight pounds ten shillings. And I'll be taking it all off the fencing account.

CAPTAIN (*counting out notes, which* ANGUS *pockets*).

You'll see MacPhedran to-night, I hope, and clear off everything?

ANGUS. No, no.

CAPTAIN. What?

ANGUS. I'll see MacPhedran this very night, but it's only three pounds he'll get.—I'll be paying him in instalments.—It's what he's used to from me.

CAPTAIN. Instalments?

ANGUS. And I'll give him three pounds the next day; and two pounds ten on the day after, the last day of all for bankrupting me.—I like fine to see him sticking on the stamps.

COLONEL. Well, you're the droll fish!—Good-day to you now. We've had a fine *ceilidh*.[1]

CAPTAIN. Good-day!

ANGUS. Good-day, good-day!—Yes, yes, a fine *ceilidh* indeed!—It was all that!

[THEY *pass out.*]

I must be telling Morag.

[*Goes to door and waves.*]

[MURDO *and* MORAG *enter*, MORAG *with a letter in her hand.*]

MORAG. A letter for you, father. We went down to the stepping-stones and met the post.

ANGUS. Och, wheesht! till I tell you. (*Kisses her and shakes hands with* MURDO.) And haven't I the great news for you both from the big people! The Captain is to be giving Tor-a-Bhlair for a croft to Murdo, so that you'll not both be going away to Lochcarron and leaving me.

MORAG. Are you joking now?

ANGUS. Am I the man to be joking about such a thing?—I have the promise of Tor-a-Bhlair for Murdo from the two of them.—And they're for starting felling in the big wood of larches.—And I told them Murdo

[1] Talk.

was the very man for manager.—And I am to be staying on in Coillemore.—And I'm to be paying MacPhedran with the good money they gave me, so that I'll not be bankrupted at all, at all!

MURDO (*meditating*). It was the good croft in its time, was Tor-a-Bhlair, and might well be again.

MORAG. I'm scarcely for believing it yet! It's all so fine!—But you'll be missing the trains to Inverness, Murdo, and the bookshops there.—However did you manage it, father?

ANGUS. I did no managing at all, at all.—It's one of the strange things that's always happening to me. It looks like what Mrs. Galletly would be calling a Higher Power—something that's working on you, so that your leg doesn't get broken, when you've had a taste too much, and the cart-wheel goes over you.—You'll be staying on in Eilean Aros, lad, will you not?

MORAG. Of course, he'll be staying.

MURDO. Indeed and I will!—And my brother, Gillespie, can be having the succession to the croft in Lochcarron.—Forestry! Just fancy you!

ANGUS. Ay, science and civilisation, as you might say, at your very door. (*Looking at letter in* MORAG'S *hand.*) And is that not now another letter and it registered.

MORAG. Indeed and it is registered. I had to sign for it.

ANGUS. Och, och! More of the Sheriff Officer's papers about the bankruptcy! As if I cared for them now!—Be you opening it, lass, and reading it to me.

MORAG (*opening letter*). There's a pound note in it!

ANGUS (*taking note*). 'Deed, so there is. I can be reading that myself.

[HE *pockets note.*]

MORAG. And a letter from Mr. Stockman.

ANGUS. He'll be wanting some more pigs' heads maybe.

MORAG. What kind of talk is that? . . . Will you listen! (*Reading.*) "*Dear Angus, The bird-stuffer man was angry when I opened out the parcel of pigs' heads and tootsie-wootsies. I know it's some bally mistake, as you're too decent an old bird to go playing practical jokes on me*——"

ANGUS. Isn't he the fine man now!

MORAG. Will you wheesht! (*Reading.*) "*So please send on the stag's head to Joliffe, Taxidermist, Oban, without delay, if it's not lost, or if you haven't already forwarded it to him*——"

ANGUS. And didn't I send it to Mr. Joliffe a week ago?

MORAG. Wheesht now and listen.—(*Reading.*) "*I made a present of the pork to Joliffe to soothe his wounded feelings, and beg now to enclose one pound in payment of the same. Hope to see you some time soon, if the iron-mine business goes on all right. Yours sincerely, W. Stockman.*"

ANGUS. He's the fine man!

MORAG. That money will be for MacPhedran, I'm thinking. Didn't you tell me he bought the pigs' heads from Mrs. Galletly? But a pound note will be paying for them ten times over.

ANGUS. Bought, is it? Catch MacPhedran paying anything for pigs' heads!—No, no, they were a present from Mrs. Galletly to MacPhedran.—There is no question of money in it at all, at all.

MORAG. Oh, was that the way of it!

ANGUS. And MacPhedran left the pigs' heads on my hands in exchange for the loan of a stag's head I was giving him. And so, look you, the pork was a present from me to Mr. Stockman. And this—(*shewing pound note*)—is a present from Mr. Stockman to me by way of returning thanks, as the saying goes.

MORAG. My head is turning round on me, so it is, with all your talk!

ANGUS (*producing note*). And now I'm for making a present of this to somebody else. (HE *hands the note to*

MORAG.) It's only the start of the wedding presents I'll be giving you, my dear, but be you taking it now.—But there will be more coming to you as soon as the strange things start happening on me again. Just you wait!

MORAG. Och, you're the greedy one!

ANGUS. I am not, then.—But (*putting on jacket and hat, he takes out his pass-book and looks at its pages*). I have the greedy one to deal with, and that's MacPhedran.

[HE *takes the notes out of his pocket and arranges them on table.*]

One—two—three.—Be you giving me that to-morrow. (*Hands the three pounds to* MORAG.) One—two—and ten shillings.—(*Hands them also to her.*) And be you giving me that the day after. (HE *pockets the remaining three pounds.*) And now I'll be going off with the first of my instalments. It's a long tramp I'll be having down to him, every day of three days; but it will be doing me good—and him too, I'm hoping.—*Feasgair math*,[1] Murdo! (HE *shakes hands with* MURDO, *but only slaps* MORAG *lightly on the shoulder, as* HE *makes for the door.*) But stop you! (*His eyes have fallen on the pipes.*) 'Tis a fine day that's in it—and I feel like the piping. (*Takes the pipes from window-sill.*) I'll just be playing for a spell, and me walking down to MacPhedran. Wait you till I'm over the stepping-stones, and I'll be giving you "The Glen is Mine."

[HE *waves his hand, swings the bag to his oxter, and passes out into the sunlight and the breeze.*]

MORAG. Good luck, father!

MURDO. Good luck, Angus!

[*Presently the strains of the pipes in "The Glen is Mine" are heard.* MORAG *and* MURDO *stand at the door waving to* ANGUS.]

CURTAIN

[1] Good evening.

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